



EIGHTY GOOD TIMES
OUT OF DOORS



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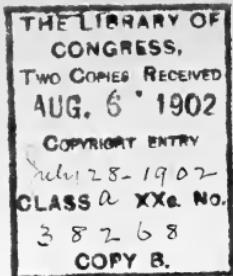
BY

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PREFACE.

The more we know of grown people, the better we like children; which is, after all, no reflection on any one, for where is the man or woman who has not something of the child-heart still remaining, especially when beguiled by Fairy Godmother Nature into the open air, and touched by her magic wand? As all, therefore, are children, this book is intended for all; but it need surprise no one if in this, to a much greater extent than in its predecessor, the suggestions are adapted to those who often have the entertainment of little ones to plan.

This is how it came about. When the little book, "Eighty Pleasant Evenings," was prepared, more as a pleasure than a task, the welcome accorded it far exceeded the expectations of those who sent it forth. The present work was undertaken in answer to the demand for a companion book, devoted to open-air methods of entertainment, and in it the "grown-ups" have not been forgotten; but since the children have somehow crept into it, and taken possession, to them must be accorded the right of way.

No attempt has been made to include directions for such sports as require an entire manual for each, but prominence has been given to the simpler amusements both attractive and easy to manage, with some articles on curious foreign customs; a number of entirely new games and plans, some devised by the author of the book, others by special contributors; and a few of the folk-

PREFACE.

songs and singing games always holding their place as favorites.

The book has had the good fortune to be critically read, while still in manuscript, by Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley, three of whose "Songs for the Child-World" are included by permission of the John Church Co. It would be impossible to name all those whose suggestions have been helpful, but for special aid thanks are due to Miss Imogen A. Storey, for the drills; to Miss Alice Chadwick, Mrs. H. W. Doremus, Mr. John W. Rhines, Mr. Jos. G. Davis, Mr. A. A. Burnham, Miss Alice M. Guernsey, and Mr. Vincent Van Marter Beede, author of the *Fourth of July Fantasy*, etc.

Healthful, innocent enjoyment of the out-door world is simply taking God at His word. Why should we not? In doing so, play is only the shell, but the kernel is full of a sweetness that leaves no bitter taste. If you, my reader, are one of those who have not yet given the fresh air a chance to blow away all the doleful memories or still more dismal fancies that trouble you, it is not too late to begin.

With the door, then, swinging open in full view, and the friendly breeze echoing our call to the weary student or indoor toiler, this message of good-will is started on its way; and that it may have as sharers in its "good times" children of all ages, from the tiny toddler to the gray-haired man or woman, is the wish of the author and compiler.

LILIAN M. HEATH.





CHICAGO CAMPUS FETE.

CHICAGO CAMPUS FETE.

The children's fete, held one never-to-be-forgotten June on the University of Chicago campus, was a remarkably pretty and interesting affair. Its purpose was two-fold: First, to give the public an object lesson in the benefits which may come to poor children through play properly directed; and second, to secure funds to start the social centers into which some of the University's leading professors are trying to transform the public schools. In the various features of the entertainment children from all quarters of Chicago were partakers; and philanthropists from every woman's club in the city were actively interested in the arrangements. The University settlements and "Neighborhood House" were among the busiest of helpers in the preparations.

The campus was fitted up with whirligigs, giant swings, turning poles and gayly decorated May-poles; with Punch and Judy shows, hand organs—not forgetting the monkeys—and a carrousel arranged for a friendly rivalry over catching the rings.

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On the opening day of the fete the campus was a gay scene indeed. There were Swedish, Indian and Persian games, contributed by the Elm Street settlement. Picturesque Japanese drills and dances, in appropriate costume, were given by the children of the McCowen School for Deaf Mutes. The girls' gymnasium class of the Chicago Commons and the University of Chicago settlement gave an exhibition including the illustration of beautiful rhythms and dancing figures with accompaniments of waving scarfs and clashing cymbals, and the same set of girls appeared in different Greek games. Boys from the Jones School showed their skill on the horizontal bars, in riding on giant swings and in various other ways; and under the direction of the teacher of physical training in the vacation schools an army of boys gave a fine display in athletics and competitive games.

Corners were devoted to leap-frog and minutes given to walking on stilts, running races, hurdle jumping, pole climbing and feats of strength. On a temporary stage were given national dances by the children of Hull House, appropriately costumed. Another feature was the Bohemian games. These were in charge of Gad's Hill settlement, and were soldier games, with boys dressed in military uniforms and with toy guns and swords. A small captain marched the troops here and there, up and down, while they sang

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patriotic songs and exchanged military salutes. Other war-like games seen were the "Tug of War," "London Bridge," "The Weasel," and "Itisket Itasket."

Then there were the more domestic games, "the mulberry bush," "hunt the needle's eye," and "the muffin man," together with the distinctly American games of "farmer in the dell," "oats, peas, barley," and "jolly is the miller." I do not recall meeting "Little Sally Waters," but I think she must have been there. "Miss 'Ginia Jones'" was conspicuous by her absence, for which I was thankful, for such topics as sickness and death have no rightful place in children's plays or thoughts.

The greatest novelty was in the national "folk-singing games," representing Italians, Swedes, Germans, Bohemians—all the nationalities to be found in cosmopolitan Chicago and New York. In these games enter in the elements of repetition, rhyme, rhythm, gesture and choosing; these elements, according to Miss Hofer, the noted kindergarten leader, give a distinct educational value, as well as the dramatic features dear to the child's heart, each game providing abundant opportunity for spontaneous and creative expression.

The better types of these singing games counteract the influence of the common street games, in which are reflected the vulgarities of the life

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the children see about them. If the taste for these games be instilled in the childish mind they will hardly care to play "Policeman," and drag each other off to an imaginary police station; nor will they be attracted by "Lazy Mary" and similar games. That is, they will not if those trying to help them do not tire, but continue their efforts till a strong and lasting mental environment is created. The transformation cannot be wrought in a day, nor in a few weeks. The need of the child, and of many older people as well, of entertainment of the right kind is what it is hoped the social centers will supply. Professor Zueblin and his assistants intend that in the course of time great swimming baths and gymnasiums, lectures and concerts, shall be added to the original sources of help, that bodies and minds may be alike invigorated. The entire plan is intended to benefit those into whose lives no refining influence comes except through the devoted workers who find pleasure in giving their best to the poor and unknown.

FINDING THE FROST QUEEN'S NECK-LACE.

She tries to look most pathetic and dignified—this odd little queen in mock distress—but often the dimples will creep into sight, as she sits on

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her throne made of a log, her head adorned with a somewhat wabbly crown of bright autumn leaves, and holding a scepter made of a tree branch. Her two attendants, "Twinkle" and "Sparkle," begin the game by running frantically in the direction of the other children a little distance away, singing as they go:

"The North Pole, the North Pole's in trouble to-day,

For great is the treasure that's vanished away;
The Frost Queen is crying, so deep is her grief,
Come quickly, good subjects, to bring her relief!" *

Everyone hastens to the unfortunate queen, who, wringing her hands in despair, then waving her scepter commandingly, sings:

"My necklace of diamonds is lost in the wood!

Go search for it quickly, as true subjects should.
Who finds it, who finds it, shall yet wear a crown,

For she shall be queen till the sun has gone down!"

All sing, as they join in the search:

"Her necklace of diamonds is lost in the wood!

We search for it quickly, as true subjects should.
Who finds it, who finds it, shall yet wear a crown,

For she shall be queen till the sun has gone down!"

*Tune, "Green Gravel."

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The necklace is composed of chestnuts, cones or other woodland jewels which can be strung, and, it is needless to explain, has been carefully hidden by the Frost Queen with the help of her two attendants. In the search for it all join except Twinkle and Sparkle, who encourage them by gleefully calling out, whenever anyone goes near the hiding place of the necklace, "The North Pole is growing warmer," and when someone finally discovers the treasure, "The North Pole's afire!" The fortunate finder becomes, in turn, the Frost Queen, chooses her attendants, hides the necklace, and so it proceeds.

GAME OF HAB-ENIHAN.

When played on the beach, as I first saw it, this is an extremely interesting game.

First find, for each player, a dozen smooth, water-washed stones about the size of the palm of the hand. Flat stones with rounded edges are the best. These are the "hab's."

Mark with a stick upon the sand twelve circles, one within the other, like those of a target. Number these rings from the outside to the center. They should be perhaps five inches apart.

Standing at a stated distance each player pitches a hab at the target, or "enihan," leaving the stone inside the circle struck. As the game

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progresses, after the first time around, any player, counting from where any one of his habs may rest, can move that hab as many circles toward the center as will correspond with the number of the circle which he last struck. If this brings the hab to the center without exhausting his number he can place a new hab forward as many rings as will correspond with the number left over. If any player can throw two habs into a circle occupied by some other player's hab he captures the former player's hab and removes it. If at any time a player's hab is so thrown as to rest upon a line which bounds the ring, he loses his move for that round.

The game consists of any specified number of points, but if at any time any one of the players has no habs on the enihan, this ends the game. Then each player counts the number of his habs in the center and the number of those he has captured. The one having the most is the winner, and adds to his score all habs left on the enihan.

The players have three objects throughout the game: to work to the center, to protect their own habs from capture, by getting more than one in the same circle, and to capture the opponent's habs. The game can be played on the grass, or bare ground, as well as on the sand. If played on the grass the enihan must be marked with whitewash.

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THE NEW-OLD SWEDEN.

In the suburbs of Stockholm is a resort where can be seen, in its perfection, Swedish peasant life as it was one, two, and even three centuries ago. It is Skansen—a tract of land forty acres in size, part of it cultivated like our own modern parks, and a part left in its own natural condition, sprinkled with scraggly pines, and resembling the wild, neglected landscape in Delacarlia or Norrland, the two most interesting portions of Sweden.

Here the “folk-festivals,” for which the Swedish poets have composed their most beautiful songs, are held every spring; and here the national holidays, both at midsummer and Christmas, are celebrated with all the olden customs carefully preserved. About one hundred and twenty-five people have been brought here to live in the peasant houses—which houses themselves have also been transported, piece by piece, from wherever they were discovered, as original types. Huts of fishermen on the south coast of the Scandinavian peninsula; camps of the Lapps in the arctic regions; actual farmhouses, with their stables, have been taken down carefully and rebuilt in Skansen by the men who lived in them, so that they are true to life, even to the furniture—the benches attached to the walls, the chests or “bonador” in which the household linen is kept, the beds built into the partitions, the cook-

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ing utensils, the dairy, the nursery, and the company room—all are precisely as of old, and their inmates are employed to carry on the old-time duties and explain things to visitors. Costumes, food, dishes and all are in keeping; and there is no limitation about it. Every one of the provinces of Sweden which has a distinctive dress or a unique custom is represented by the actual people who have always lived in that manner. How would this seem to you, my progressive American reader? It is all based on a motto inscribed over one of the gates of this curious place: "The day will come when all our gold will not be sufficient to buy an accurate picture of the times long past."

Perhaps the greatest attraction is the peasant dances. These take place three or four times a week at sunset, when, their daily work done, the peasants gather at some central place, always surrounded by crowds of interested spectators. On alternate nights the dancing is by the children, of whom there are thirty-seven under fifteen years of age, dressed exactly as were their great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers at the same age. All the music for the dancing is furnished by old-fashioned instruments, and none but old-fashioned tunes are permitted.

At Christmas there are appropriate exercises, with a representation of the visit of the wise men to the manger, or some similar incident of the

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story of the Nativity. On the 24th of June, Midsummer Eve, there are May-pole dances, feasting and other festivities of ancient Sweden, in which the entire population of Skansen take part. Adding to these attractions the modern ones of the more park-like portions of the tract, little wonder is it that Skansen is the most interesting and popular resort of Sweden today.

GAME OF RUBICON.

This is a good lawn or schoolyard game for a large number, and is played as follows: Two players are chosen whose province it is to act as pursuers. After deciding upon these two—who, for convenience, we will call Ethel and Mildred—half the players arrange themselves two by two in a long double column, one couple behind another, as if about to march. The other half file up in the same way facing them; the two columns beginning a short distance apart and extending back, away from each other.

Ethel and Mildred then place themselves facing each other, one at the head of each column. When ready they call out, "Cross the Rubicon," at which signal the rear couples of each column must run forward, on each side, and try to reach the rear of the opposite column in safety.

The diagram shows the position of the players

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while awaiting the signal, and the direction of the running.



When the two from Ethel's column have reached a point opposite Ethel, then, and not until then, she pursues one of them. She must choose quickly which one, for there is no time to be wasted; and she can neither look behind her to see how near they are, nor start to chase either of them until they are at a point even with her. Then she must run swiftly enough to capture the one pursued before that one reaches the rear of the other line. Failing in this she must return to her place, the two uncaptured runners from her own line taking their places just behind her. If she succeeds the captured runner must take her place, and she ranges herself just behind, in company with the unpursued runner.

Meanwhile the same thing has been going on in Mildred's line, the two lines proceeding independently of each other, the rear couples being the runners each time.

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LOG-ROLLING.

Did you ever see the lumbermen of Canada engaged in the sport of log-rolling? It is a curious sight—a pastime from which most of us would prefer to be excused, as it consists of dancing on a rolling log, in the water. But it is extremely interesting to watch.

A lumberman will step out on the log and begin a sort of quaint dance, keeping the log spinning round and round in the water. Then a comrade will join him, and the sport is to try to set the log spinning in the opposite direction and upset the other dancer unless he is quick enough to get in step. The men enter into this sport with great enthusiasm, and though occasionally one gets a wetting, he does not mind it, and is soon "up and at it" again. One would need to be dressed in a bathing or other water-proof suit, and select shallow water free from sharp rocks, before trying to imitate such sport; and in fact, unless you happen to be water sprites or Canadian lumbermen, it is as well to content yourselves with looking on.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING.*

The game based on this lively song is not so well known, perhaps, as the song itself. Forming

*For music, see page 191.

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a ring with three players in the center as "judges," the children sing the song as a round, making appropriate motions as they sing. While those who begin the round are singing "Scotland's burning! Scotland's burning!" they throw the right hand up and forward. At the words "Look out! Look out!" they lean forward, shading the eyes with the right hand. At "Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!" they throw up both hands; and at "Pour on water! Pour on water!" they bring both hands slowly down as if pouring. All follow with the same motions as they reach the same words. Whenever a judge detects anyone making a mistake that one must turn around, facing outside the circle. The last three left facing in are the winners, and are to be the judges next time.

ORIENTAL VERANDA FETE.

It was in a New York suburb, in most prosaic modern times, but children and grown folks alike wandered in a maze of delight through its enchantments—I had almost said through its pages, for it was like a scene from the Arabian Nights. While the broad veranda, half surrounding the house, was the center of attraction, the lawn also shared in the honors. At its entrance was a small tent inhabited by an imposing Arab and Turk in characteristic costumes, who sold curious

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medallion-shaped tickets of admission. Further on, at one side, was a lemonade well—a leafy bower of beauty, presided over by a picturesque Rebekah. The entire veranda was furnished with a truly Oriental splendor of rugs, hassocks and cushions. Richly colored tapestries were hung as backgrounds and partitions. On the various tables were displayed treasures from the far East. Venders of Oriental sweetmeats, of fabrics from Damascus, and of Egyptian jewelry and curios mingled with the guests, and many varieties of costume from the Orient were correctly represented. A little Persian bride, not more than twelve years of age, was especially dainty and charming; so were the maidens in charge of the Egyptian tables. There was no program; that would have broken the spell; but the strains of a guitar, played by a Greek maiden in classic folds of green and white, formed a dreamy accompaniment to the conversation.

Turning again to the lawn one found small tables dotted around, inviting those wishing refreshments to be seated, and ice cream and cake were there served from a tent near by. What these edibles lacked, themselves, in strictly Oriental character, was amply atoned for in the costumes of those serving them; while Japanese lanterns in profusion gave to the scene a fairy-like appearance. It was an entertainment requiring

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much study and care in the preparation; but the result justified the effort.

“SILVER ISLAND.”

As there happened to be only one of her, the small girl in the Atwood family was sometimes a trifle lonesome. Dolls there were in plenty, it is true, and other toys; but, strange to say, none of the most elaborate playthings had half the charm for Alma that she found in a load of fine, sparkling, silvery white sand brought to the yard one day straight from the beach.

“Look, mamma! it is like a little island of silver, and the grass is the ocean. I am going to call it my Silver Island.” And “Silver Island” it was, to the end of the chapter. Like a princess royal did the happy child rule over her small domain. No wonder; for there are so many things that can be done with this fascinating snow that never melts. Sometimes dry and sometimes mixed with a little water, it is always full of possibilities.

Mountains and valleys, palaces and curious little caves that Alma explained were the homes of goblins—she had been reading George McDonald’s “Princess and Goblin”—appeared as if by magic. On some days the whole island would be transformed into a kitchen, where were con-

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coceted some truly remarkable dishes. At other times the cakes and biscuits were swept aside, while the region became a miniature Desert of Sahara, over whose shining expanse, seated on a camel from Noah's Ark, two of the tiniest dolls traveled by slow degrees and nearly died of thirst and exposure and the sandstorms that swept across their path—finally escaping with their lives after the most harrowing adventures. Another doll was Alice in Wonderland, and found in Silver Island many of her former friends and some new ones. Again, the magic heap of sand became a smooth, large circle that shone in the moonlight and was just right for a fairy ring. If the fairies did not come there and dance that night they must have been ungrateful indeed. Then, the next day, Silver Island would be changed into a reception room, the like of which was never seen on land or sea. And when imagination gave out—for even an imagination half-past seven years old will tire at times—there was still the delight of just letting the soft, dry sand run trickling through her fingers in glittering showers, while the dolls looked on admiringly.

There is no mistake about it; children of kindergarten age, and even several years older, will enjoy a load of sand more than almost any other plaything that can be given them. Get the white beach sand if possible, but even ordinary sand

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is better than none; whether the child is from palace or slums there will be no failure to have a thoroughly good time. And if at bed time the small shoes and stockings emit fine showers of the silvery treasure, you need be neither surprised nor shocked; it will shake off, and leave the happiness and health behind.

ARAB GAMES.

Among the games played by small Arabs are several quite familiar to us, including blind-man's bluff, puss-in-the-corner, leap-frog and marbles. Some are too brutal to merit description; though it must be said in their defense that on one occasion, when a player was accidentally hurt in their national game of jereed, or throwing spears over one another's heads, it stopped the game at once. The Arabs would hardly understand our practice of carrying a disabled man from the field and putting in a substitute; and the substitute would be superstitious about taking so unlucky a position.

Two very simple games played by the smaller children have some interesting features. On a beautiful shade-tree known as the zinzalucht, or "pride of India," grows a small berry, about the size of a pea, which when green is very hard. The children use them in a game somewhat similar to "jackstraws." They first make a little

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mound of earth in which there are many layers of these berries. Carefully working the mound into the shape of a cone they place one berry on top and sift fine earth over the whole. The game consists in removing the berries, one at a time, on the end of a pin stuck in a stick, and it requires some skill; for, as in jackstraws, if the player disturbs any berry besides the one for which he is trying, so that it is moved or rolls down, he loses them both, and his turn also.

Joora, or "hole-in-the-ground," is a very popular game played in the spring, sometimes with marbles, but more often with apricot stones. Syrian apricots are of two kinds; the nut almond, the stone of which contains a delicious kernel, and a smaller variety, the kelaby, or "little dog" kind, the stones of which are about the size of a common marble.

A hole about six inches deep and four inches across is scooped in the earth. Each player, in turn, standing about four or six feet away, takes as many stones as he wishes to venture, and tries to throw them all, at one toss, into the hole. At the same moment his companion, who is not supposed to know how many he throws, calls out "odd" or "even," referring to the number that falls in the hole. If his guess is correct he wins the game and the apricot stones; if not, he gives the thrower as many stones as do go in.

After the game is over, if the nut almond stones

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were the kind used, the children can pass them around and eat them—only I am afraid the little Arabs do not always thus share their treasures with their less fortunate playmates—or they can make beautiful whistles of them. To do this they moisten the stone in a little water, then wear a hole in one side by rubbing it swiftly on a larger stone.

MARDI GRAS.

Nothing delights a child's heart more than a gorgeous street procession. But as to that all the world is a child, when witnessing the splendors of the wonderful Mardi Gras of New Orleans.

Each year, during Carnival Week, just preceding Lent, the various mystic societies of the quaint old French town arrange a succession of street parades, receptions and other festivities that dazzle the beholder. These societies include the "Atlanteans," the "Elves of Oberon," "Comus," "Rex" and others. Each has its mock court, king and queen, ball and parade, all forming a part of the week's celebration. Of the various royal personages Rex, the Merry Monarch, holds chief sway, the others being tributary kings. On the morning of "Lundi Gras," the day before the climax of the carnival, Rex arrives, greeted by the shrieks of whistles, the din of

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horns and the shouts of delighted crowds. Stepping from his royal barge upon the levee at the foot of Canal Street, he graciously accepts the welcome which all New Orleans hastens to give. Thinly but effectively masked, clad in richly colored royal garb, and surrounded by his courtiers in fantastic costumes, he is the most striking feature of the picture, in strong contrast to the sober hues of ordinary civilian's dress. After this preliminary parade to the City Hall, nothing further is seen of Rex till the next day, which is Mardi Gras, or "Fat Tuesday," when he reappears in a magnificent pageant which winds slowly through the quaint old southern streets. His identity is kept hidden till the unmasking at the evening ball, and as a new "Rex" is chosen each year, only the members of the Rex Society are in the secret. "Who is Rex?" is the question heard on all sides, and the curiosity is intense.

We must have a glimpse of the Rex Day Parade. It consists of forty, fifty or more large floats, each a beautiful conceit of mythology, literature or folk-lore. Each float, the better to illustrate its subject, has eight, ten, or sometimes twenty persons grouped upon it. Correct costuming and posing, together with silvery fountains and cascades, misty clouds and iridescent planets, combine to create a fairyland of charm. Even the day parade is beautiful and free from

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tawdriness, but it is in the night parade, under the soft Southern skies, and surrounded by torch-lights borne by attendants in joyful red, that the best effect is obtained. In his throne car Rex reclines upon a couch amid clouds of silver and gold, which pour a rain of gleaming iridescence all about him. After this float follow the remaining thirty or forty, each surpassing the other in beauty of conception.

For weeks before the carnival the Rex colors, purple, gold and green, are everywhere visible. They float in bunting from balustrades, decorate the shop windows, are worn as badges by men, and as ribbons adorn the dresses of women. The very street lights give forth their illumination in purple, gold and green. To the child of the South Mardi Gras is as eagerly looked for as the Christmas tide, while a Northerner, watching the festivities for the first time, is bewitched as by a magic spell and sees in his dreams for weeks afterward the royal colors, graceful forms and melting lights and shadows of the Southland on Mardi Gras.

BURYING GIANT GROWLIGLUM.

A bright October day, plenty of dry leaves on the lawn, and a half-dozen or more lively, warmly dressed children—these are the chief essentials,

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with the help of a wooden rake, for the imposing ceremony named in the title.

The dry leaves must first be carefully raked up in as large a heap as possible. If there is only one rake the players will have to share this honor by taking turns. Then, by means of "counting out" it is decided which girl is to be the "mother," and which boy is to be Giant Growliglum, whose castle is the further side of the heap of leaves. The other players are the "children," and are named each for a different day of the week.

The giant withdraws to his castle and the mother gives her children careful instructions not to go out of the house—which is usually a certain corner of the lawn—and above all to "take good care of Sunday." She then starts out to go to market. As soon as she is gone Sunday, of course, immediately runs away, and is caught by Giant Growliglum and carried off to his castle in triumph.

"Where is Sunday?" demands the mother, on her return home. In a heartbroken chorus the children explain the sad fate of the missing one. The mother scolds them for their carelessness, but goes away again, saying, "Take care of Monday." When she is gone Monday runs away, is caught like Sunday by the giant, and so the game goes on until the last child has been captured. Then the mother starts out to rescue

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them. She finds Giant Growliglum asleep in his castle, close to the heap of leaves, and she and the children at once proceed to bury him with the leaves, singing

“We’re burying Giant Growliglum,
Growliglum, Growliglum!

We’re burying Giant Growliglum
So deep in his castle dungeon!”*

This continues till the giant suddenly wakes up, jumps out of his “dungeon” and pursues the others. The first one caught this time must take his place as giant, and the game goes on as before.

ENTERTAINING “FRESH AIR” CHILDREN.

How best to make these little ones happy and help them to find in the rare joys of a country outing something to awaken interest in a better mental atmosphere than that of their usual surroundings, has been a problem to many. All agree that there is a pitiful number of these children who do not know what play means. It is necessary to understand the little lives so shadowed by their environment, before we can know how to let in the sunshine. One of the most thoughtful students of the situation, Miss Alice Chadwick, says:

*Tune, “Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush.”

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The fact is that New York's slum children, if they play games at all, portray in their play only the life they see. "Craps," "pitch and toss," "matching pennies," and a queer kind of game in which some one must be "hit mid der brick" which is tied to a string—these are fair samples. I never saw the girls play games, so-called, but once; and then the children had been taught to play by their mission teachers. They played "ring" games with much spirit. But, once worked up to the playing pitch, the youngsters recalled games they had learned in the distant fatherland—many curious games they were, too, in so far as they demonstrated either the antiquity of the game—dating back to the time when the human family dwelt in a single cave, or the stranger coincidence of the children of all the different nations spontaneously evolving the same game in later generations. But the words would shock you, no less than the gory suggestiveness of the gestures. The mission games had been adapted by the youngsters to the life of their homes. Instead of singing "This is the way we go to church, go to church!" they had it, "This is the way we fetch the beer, fetch the beer!" etc.

But, you will say, the greater is the need to teach them something better. Well, the general experience is that it cannot be done in the space of two weeks—much less in one day. For that

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reason, the country amusements most useful are swings, bells and skipping ropes.

You will understand that the first sensation of a slum child in the country is vacant wonder. They had always thought that apples, milk, etc., came from the factory. Grass was not to be walked on, flowers were not to be plucked. As soon as they understand that they are free they rush and shout like little savages—and it is notable that their first instinct is to tear down the bushes in eagerness to get the flowers before somebody else can get them—the struggle for bread in another form! The third stage is a realization of strangeness. Like anxious little dogs in a strange house, they run from corner to corner, touching, speculating—half distrusting. After this they may be fed; and then—the swings and balls and bean-bags, perhaps; but their tendency is to roam, and to eat often. They will play their own games, without any materials, under the leadership of their “teachers,” when they cannot be induced to play by their hostesses. At the Fresh Air Homes the case is not widely different, and there is the strange fact that homesickness has to be overcome before the child is happy. You will find that, almost without exception, it is the “second-week” children who heartily enjoy themselves in the grounds of the Home. At these places, of course, there are croquet balls to be knocked about, and space for familiar in-

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door amusements on wet days. In many of the Homes, the children are taught a little house-work as well—a thing that has been the redemption of many a squalid “home” in the city.

INDIAN AWL GAME.

A favorite game among women and girls of the Southwestern tribes is the “awl game,” or Tsoa, as it is called by the Kiowas. It could be played as a parlor game by using a sheet of heavy paper on top of a table for the blanket, with pins instead of awls; but it is perhaps most interesting played in the woods in regular Indian fashion. This is the way in which the Indian girls play it:

Take a blanket, mark it with charcoal in lines and dots, and half-circles in the corners, as shown in the diagram. A stone is placed in the center, upon which the sticks are thrown.

Excepting the dots between the parallels, each dot counts a point. Each of the parallel lines and each end of the curved lines in the corners, also counts a point, making sixteen counts for the lines, or forty points in all.

The players sit upon the ground, around the blanket, and start from the bottom, opposing players moving in opposite directions, and with each throw of the sticks the player moves her

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awl forward and sticks it into the blanket, at the dot or line to which her throw carries her. The parallels on each of the four sides are called "rivers," and the dots within these parallels do

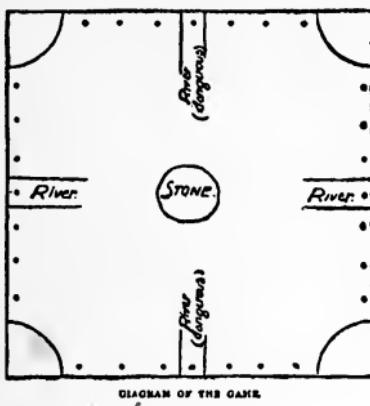
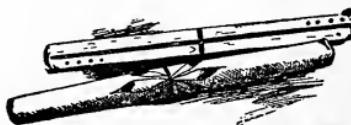


DIAGRAM OF THE GAME.

not count in the game. The rivers at the top and bottom are "dangerous" and cannot be crossed, and when a player is so unlucky as to secure a throw which brings her upon the edge of the river, that is, upon the first line of either of these pairs of parallels, she "falls into the river" and must lose all she has hitherto gained, and begin again at the start. In the same way, when a player moving around in one direction makes a throw that brings her awl to the place occupied by the awl of her opponent coming around from the other side, the said opponent is "whipped back" to the starting point and must begin all over again. It is these unlooked-for accidents which add the greatest zest to the amusement.

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The game is played with four sticks, each from six to ten inches long, flat on one side and round on the other. One of these, called sahi (sohhee) or "green," is marked in a distinctive manner in the center on both sides, and also distinguished by having a green line along the flat side while the others have each a red line. There are also a number of small green sticks about the size of lead pencils, for keeping tally. Each player in



THE TRUMP STICK — (Sahi).

turn takes up the four sticks together in her hand, and throws them down on end upon the stone in the center. The number of points depends upon the number of flat or round sides which turn up. Here is the formula:

One flat side counts one.

One flat side up (if sahi) counts one and gives another throw.

Two flat sides up, with or without sahi, two.

Three flat sides up, three.

Three flat sides up, including sahi, three and another throw.

All four flat sides up, six and another throw.

All four round sides up, ten and another throw.

Only the flat sides count except when all the sticks turn round side up. On completing one

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round of forty points, the player takes one of the small green tally sticks from the pile, and the one who first gets the number of tally sticks previously agreed upon wins the game. Any even number of persons may play the game, half on each side. When two or more play on a side, all the partners move up the same number of points at each throw, but only the lucky thrower gets a second trial in case of a sahi throw.

SHOOTING TIMBER SLIDES.

If you have never "shot the timber slides" above Chaudiere Falls, a most exhilarating pleasure still awaits you. It is at Ottawa, Ontario. The fragrant breath of the Canadian pines in the fresh breeze makes you ready for any adventure. Taking a trolley car to the timber yards, you walk down an avenue flanked by lofty piles of the odorous pine boards, to the head of the timber slides above Chaudiere Falls. These slides are so constructed as to overcome the falls and accomplish a drop of forty-five feet in a quarter of a mile. Here the great rafts which are towed down the St. Lawrence, are waiting, not in their complete form, but separated into a half-dozen or more "cribs" as they are called, manned by brilliantly clad river men. How picturesque these men look, with their bronzed faces, scarlet shirts, blue trousers and many colored sashes!

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Stepping aboard one of these cribs, you at first feel a slight timidity, perhaps, as you look at the rushing, dancing, wavy expanse stretching its descending length like a watery hill before you. But this feeling soon yields to the delight of motion, as with their characteristic shouts and gestures, the rivermen push their cribs, one after another, on this lively journey.

On, on you dash, lower and lower, with the water churning and splashing around you, till you reach the foot of the slides, under a great cliff that rises frowning over the little bay above Parliament Hill. During the descent you are cheered on your way by spectators from the bridges overlooking the slides. As no crib is allowed to start until the one before it has completed its run, the chances of accident are greatly lessened; but it is a good plan to keep an eye on the smaller members of your party, lest in their excitement they try some rash experiment, and arrive at their journey's end minus a hat or some other precious belonging that may be merrily making its way down the stream unattended.

TROLLEY PARTY.

A good plan of the various city missions is that of arranging a trolley ride for young persons employed in the city all day. A party is gathered at the mission, each person paying his

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or her own fare, and a ride taken thence to some outlying place. The young folks are accompanied by volunteers from churches or societies, whose duty it is to see that the fun is not too boisterous, and that the singing is of the best kind possible under the circumstances. It does not do to tell these people that all books and songs not distinctly religious are of the devil's writing. They will not believe you, and they know that you do not believe it yourself.

One most successful outing on the general plan mentioned above, was given under the direction of the Junior Christian Endeavorers of Staten Island. The party consisted of thirty-five children and ten mothers from the east side of New York City, and were gathered through a mission connected with the Middle Collegiate Church. The enthusiasm was boundless. From beginning to end there was a continuous chorus of delight, and during the trolley ride from St. George to Prohibition Park, every object along the way, from a human being to the tiniest bird, was greeted with a cheer. Arriving at the park the pleasure was no less manifest. The pretty grove soon rang with the shouts of merry girls and boys. At the proper time a substantial meal was served; then there were games, and at four o'clock the party was called together for a treat of ice cream and cake. All too swiftly did the day go by, and after a heartfelt "thank you,"

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the tired but happy party turned their faces homeward. Many treasures, found in field and woods, filled the little arms, something for the home-folks, who had been deprived of the joys of the wonderful day. Who can tell how much the glimpse of God in nature may mean in the future lives of these children, or what this one rest day in the year is to those tired and care-worn mothers?

LONDON BRIDGE.

Probably this old favorite will survive generations after most of the games played by our grandparents are forgotten. Two of the children with uplifted hands form a bridge under which the others must pass in single file. At the words "My fair lady," the bridge is lowered, and the player thus caught is made to choose between two articles previously agreed upon by those forming the bridge, to represent themselves. One by one the children, as fast as caught by the falling bridge, are thus assigned to one side or the other, and the game ends in a tug of war.

The song, the tune of which is familiar to all, has several slightly different versions as to wording. Here is one:

London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,

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London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady.

Build it up with iron bars,
Iron bars, iron bars, etc.
Iron bars will bend and break, etc.
Build it up with diamond stones, etc.
Diamond stones will stolen be, etc.
Get a man to watch all night, etc.
Suppose the man should fall asleep, etc.
Get a dog to bark all night, etc.
Suppose the dog should meet a bone, etc.
Get a cock to crow all night, etc.

A NUTTING PARTY

Imagine a hundred children grouped in the dinginess of one of the city depots awaiting the train which is to take them to the nutting grounds. It is only a ten-mile ride, but the youngsters are as eager about it as though they were going a thousand. They group about their coach and besiege their escorts with a hundred and one questions. Some of them have never been nutting, and never have set eyes on a hickory nut tree, a hazel-nut bush or a walnut tree. They have seen the nuts themselves, for every town merchant has them for sale during the winter, but knowledge of the trees has never come to them.

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Once on the edge of the forest the members of the nutting party were told to arm themselves for the attack. Bags and baskets were supposed to be enough in the way of weapons, but some of the youngsters grabbed hoes, others had spades and others rakes. They were told that hazelnuts were to be found, and maybe butternuts, and perhaps hickory nuts, and that there were at least two walnut trees to be despoiled if anyone discovered them in the forest depths.

The boys and girls gave a great shout and plunged into the woods. Grand old woods they are, cresting the great ridge over which early French and English travelers crossed to reach Lake Michigan or to work their way back to the fort at St. Louis. But it is many a year since Frenchman, Englishman or Indian moved under these whispering trees. The forest has been left alone to the squirrels, stray cattle and the children that come to gather nuts. Up, then, through the shimmering leaves rang the call of children's voices and shouts as nut treasures were discovered. Many a little tooth was injured that day by attempting to crack the nuts in the mouth before they were dry.

During the four hours the children had the forest to themselves. They discovered squirrels' stores, but would not disturb them, else the little fellows would be without winter's food. They found several abandoned birds' nests and a

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

hornet's cone. As for nuts, they secured two bushels, which, after all, is not much to distribute among a hundred children.

"Let's give them to the children that couldn't come," said one of the boys.

"The children in the hospitals?" asked another.

"Yes. We can take them home, dry them, and then crack them for the children that are getting well."

The suggestion was accepted by every child present, and the nuts came into the city that evening to be dried on a tin-roofed building where despoilers could not get at them. Later, when the cool of the year was on, the children visited three of the private hospitals in the city—not all the children of the nutting party, but a committee representing them—and they found a dozen convalescent children to whom the fresh nuts from the forest were a treat. They distributed them among the little ones with great impartiality, and then returned to their comrades with a report of what they had done. Everybody was satisfied, and the nutting party is to be repeated next year.

If better nutting than these children enjoyed is desired it is a very short trip into Wisconsin, where abundance of wild nuts may be found, and a most delightful day's excursion be had. Three or four children can be taken up there at slight expense, be kept in a farmhouse and have

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

a delightful time enjoying what their fathers did years ago, when the whole Northwest was covered with nut-bearing trees and wild fruits.

CHILDREN OF CLAREMONT HEIGHTS.

In her practical hints on Fresh Air Work, Miss Chadwick gives the following account, gleaned from an interview with an experienced physician and settlement worker:

At Claremont Heights, near New York, is a kind of summer school which is very effective. The children are enabled to go there day after day for a short term (presumably somebody provides transportation). There are tents on the lawn, and some gymnastic apparatus furnishes means of wholesome exercise and muscular development. This the children greatly enjoy. My friend says that set games of any kind are too much like "school" (where, perhaps you know, slum children are carefully instructed in play) to be appreciated by the children; though, where space is too limited to admit much running and roaming the children doubtless will be amused by any of the old-fashioned ring games which will keep all occupied at the same time. One or two performers in the center cannot hold the attention of the others. Dr. Delany considers Prohibition Park, Staten Island, an ideal place for day's outings, for the reason that there is much

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space in a natural state. The greatest need of these children being some understanding of a better mode of life than their own, there is an opportunity in such a place to lead them along in little groups, and point out to them a few of the—to them—marvels of nature. They are already filled with vacant wonder at every leaf and blade of grass, and they may thus be led to have a little intelligent appreciation. A day's free roaming will do them less good than a day spent in intelligent roaming; but by all means have the roaming if possible. If space is limited, however, a light trapeze is the next best thing (these children have all been taught to use the flying bars, etc.) with swings for those who are not gymnasts. For rainy days, indoors, any game that will occupy all at once.

HUNT THE SHEEP.

In this game the more the merrier. Two "captains" are chosen, and the players divided into sides, each side with its captain. The counting-out process is applied to the two sides, as if they were two individuals. The side that is "it" stays in a stated space, while the captain of the other side hides all of his charges. He then returns to walk like a marshal beside his opponents to see that they all keep in a straight line as they search for those hidden.

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Whenever the searching party comes dangerously near to the objects of their search, the captain of the hidden side calls out the word, "Apple!" or "Lemon!" or whatever other impressive signal may have been agreed upon, and after two or three such warnings, when the approach is very close, he at last calls "Run, sheep, run!" Both sides then race to the goal.

BATTLE OF THE BEANBAGS.

For a children's party this has proved very successful. Have ready in advance a dozen, twenty or more bright-colored beanbags—as many as there are children—and hide them behind the shrubbery, etc., in different parts of the lawn. They will not be hard to find, but the search helps to start the fun.

When all are found, and distributed so that each child has one, several games can be introduced in which the beanbags play a part. One of them is "Feeding the Hungry Giant." The "giant" is prepared as follows:

On a piece of stout cotton the size and circular shape of a barrel head, paint with a brush the full-front picture of a jolly face, as large as space will allow. The mouth should be wide open, and its interior cut out and replaced by a large red bag sewed to the lips on the under side, so as to

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hang down behind and beneath the face to receive the beanbags.

Stretch the picture on a small hoop, tack it firmly around the edge, and fasten it, by means of strings or further tacking, between two poles, one on each side, like the sides of a ladder.

Lean this improvised giant up against a tree, or the side of the house at a safe distance from any window. Then the children can take turns in "feeding" him; each from a stated distance, tossing a beanbag at his open mouth. Many will go in, while some will miss their mark. If the giant's mouth is full before the players have finished, take some of the beanbags out, after which those whose turns are yet to come can proceed. Keep tally, and after all have tried once around, take out the beanbags, return them to the players and repeat the throwing until someone has hit the mark a certain number of times and is declared the winner. By frequently removing and distributing the beanbags, each player can have three throws at each turn, if desired.

Another game is "Beanbag Ring." Pile up the beanbags in a small mountain, hide an inexpensive finger-ring or other small object somewhere in the pile, and let the players, with long poles or sticks, poke off one beanbag after another in turn until the ring is found. The one first uncovering it is the winner and has the privilege of

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hiding it next time. As it may be hidden near the surface as well as in the very centre, the latter players do not necessarily have the advantage over the earlier ones that might be supposed. Each player can remove but one beanbag.

As the closing game, after the lunch has been served, there should be a battle royal with the beanbags. Station the players, each with a beanbag, from twelve to fifteen feet apart, in a circle. At a signal, each throws his bag to his right-hand neighbor, turning quickly enough to catch, if possible, the one that is flying toward himself. This seems very easy, but as the game continues it is sure to grow more swift and exciting. Sometimes a belated player will have two or more bags lying in front of him, and another coming while he stoops to pick those up. If three bags accumulate in any player's hands or near him, before he can get rid of them, he is out. Hence, in his haste, when he first begins to miss he is apt to throw wildly, which brings his neighbor into the same "fix," until the battle of the beanbags finally breaks up in an irregular, bright-colored shower, flying in all directions except towards the laughing, breathless boys and girls for whom they were intended.

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS. AN EASTER DRILL FOR LITTLE MAIDS.*

This drill is appropriate for either school or Sunday school production. For it are required an equal number of girls of uniform height. The costumes should be made of white crepe de chine, cotton crepe, cheesecloth or other soft white material, and with them should be worn white sandals and stockings. Butterfly wings may be added, constructed of wire, covered with gauze. Each child should be provided with two stalks of Easter lilies, artificial lilies being preferable.

The decorations for the stage should be white and green, the Easter lily being prominent among the flowers used. The floor should be laid off with chalk as shown in diagrams, to prevent mistakes in marching and floor positions.

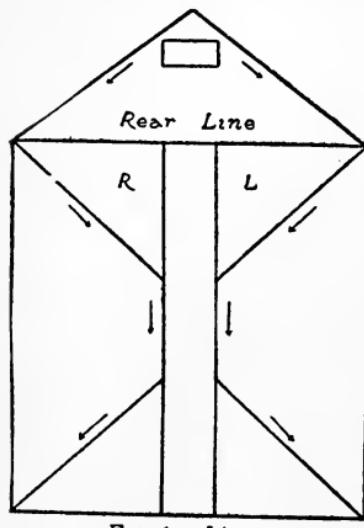
If the drill is to be given in a Sunday school room the children may enter from behind the Bible stand, which should be a mass of lilies; if out of doors or in a schoolroom they may enter from behind a clump of shrubbery or a screen covered with Easter lilies. If the drill is to be given out of doors on a lawn whitewash may be used in laying off the diagrams, the same as is used in laying off the courts for lawn tennis.

The children enter on lines as shown in Diagram "A," holding lilies in outside hand extend-

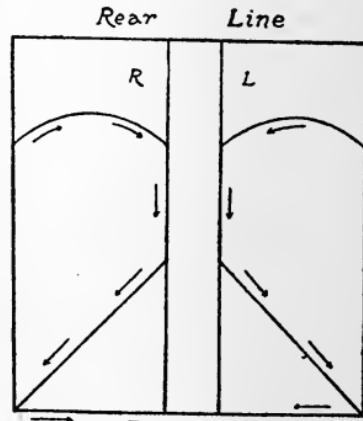
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EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

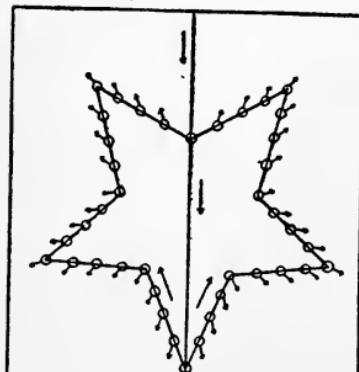
ing up and slightly out at side, elbow bent. When they reach the lines "R" and "L" on diagonal lines from the rear they begin a fancy step exe-



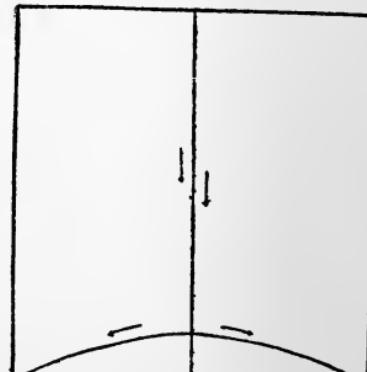
Front Line
DIAGRAM A
Rear Line



Front Line
DIAGRAM B
Rear Line



Front Line
DIAGRAM C
Rear Line



Front Line
DIAGRAM D
Rear Line

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cuted as follows: Charge diagonally forward with the inside foot, holding lilies extending high above the head, elbow straight, hand even with head; first count. Kneel on outside knee and let lilies fall forward till the tops touch the floor; second count. Stand to charge position, holding lilies as before—third count. Bring heels together (drawing the foot in the rear to the forward one)—fourth count. This finishes first part of step.

Charge diagonally forward with outside foot, changing lilies to opposite hand—first count. Drop on inside knee and bring lilies to position falling forward touching floor; second count. Stand to charge position same as before—third count. Heels together—fourth count. Continue this step to the front line.

On reaching the front line the march is resumed and they cross to opposite side, as shown by arrows in Diagram "A," those on the left marching in front of those on the right. They turn towards the rear and then turn on curved lines to lines "R" and "L," as shown in Diagram "B."

When they reach lines "R" and "L" they begin a fancy step executed as follows: Divide the lily stalks, holding one in each hand, extend both arms shoulder high to front and point diagonally forward with inside foot, touching toe to floor—

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first count. Sway forward and swing both arms shoulder high at side, holding well back and look up, with the rear toe touching the floor—second count. Back to the first position—third count. Place forward foot straight forward flat on floor and bring the heels together (bringing the rear heel up to the forward foot) —fourth count.

Repeat motion until diagonal lines in “B” are reached, then change to following: Extend the inside toe diagonally forward and touch to floor, both knees perfectly straight, and swing the arms straight beside head—first count. Bend the forward knee and extend inside arm diagonally up at side, outside hand on chest—second count. Kneel and bring arms in position with lilies falling forward touching floor—third count. Repeat second count for fourth count. Repeat first count for fifth count. Bend forward knee and bring lily to position extending high above head —sixth count. Repeat first count for seventh count. Place the forward foot straight forward, change weight to it and bring heels together—eighth count. Repeat to opposite side and continue alternating until the front line is reached.

On reaching the front line they turn to rear on side lines and resume march, holding lilies as at entrance. On reaching the centre of rear they fall into single file and march down centre line shown in Diagram “C” without

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

changing position of lilies. On reaching the front line the leader turns to the right on diagonal line which forms the front point of the star in Diagram "C" and the next turns to the left in same way. They all turn, alternating, and march on lines forming the star and halting in rear at a signal on cross lines; the others halt on dots.

After halting a signal is given and they turn, facing in same direction, and march around the start to the right. After they have circled the star once or twice a signal is given to halt, then another signal is given to turn facing in direction as shown by arrows in Diagram "C." At the same time each child divides the lilies she holds, taking one stalk in each hand. All charge in direction as shown by arrows in Diagram "C," with inside foot, and extend inside arm diagonally up at side, outside hand on chest. Those on outside points of the star charge straight forward to right, kneel on left knee and let lilies fall forward touching floor. Those on inside points charge straight forward with right foot and swing both arms straight forward and up beside head, holding lilies so they meet overhead—first count. Those on outside points stand to charge position—second count. All bring heels together, front heel drawn back to rear foot, and arms down at side—third count. All turn in same direction—fourth count. Hold

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lilies as at entrance. March resumed. After marching around the star to the left repeat the charging with counts, then repeat marching to right and left, holding lilies as at entrance, only a stalk in each hand.

After circling the star the last time they do not halt, but the girl on the front middle point marches to front line and turns to left. The next girl on right follows and turns to right. They all follow suit and march to rear, fall in single file as before, and march down the centre as in Diagram "D," turning on curved lines. After forming on this line a signal is given to halt, another to turn, facing front. After they have turned facing front they may sing together an appropriate Easter song. After that they resume the march, turning to rear on side lines, and march out on the same lines as on entering, holding lilies as at entrance.

GAME OF JACK FAGOTS.

This is exactly like a game of very much overgrown jackstraws. It is excellent fun at a grove picnic. Hold an armful of fagots a foot or two from the ground and then permit it to fall, in a pile of irregular shape.

The first player, with a crook, hooks out as many fagots as possible, one after the other, without disturbing the remainder. If there is

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS

ever so slight a movement of a fagot not hooked, it ends that player's turn, and after counting the score the fagots are taken up, bunched, and dropped again in a heap for the next player.

The number of sticks safely removed by each player of course determines the individual score; and if desired, the players may be divided into two sides, each player being followed by one on the opposite side. The score of all the individuals on a side, added together, would make up the record of that side, the larger record winning.

GAME OF WASHINGTON.

This seems like a combination of Italian blind-man's buff and hide-and-seek, but with some features different from both.

First, the players "count out," to decide who is "it." The one thus fixed upon then stands by a tree, blindfolded, and one of the others comes up and taps him. The blindfolded one has to guess who it was. In reply to his guess, whether correct or not, the other in turn asks him, "How far shall I go?" The blindfolded one replies, "Run around the block," or, "to the corner," or to a certain tree or other landmark. If his guess as to who tapped him was correct, that one has to go as directed; but if wrong, the guesser has to go himself.

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Much fun is created by the uncertainty as to whether the guesser will have to take his own medicine or not. If the other, in asking the question "How far shall I go?" can disguise his voice successfully, the guesser is left in doubt how long a journey to prescribe, not knowing whether he or the other is to be the victim. In either case, the rest of the players hide while the journey is in progress, and the traveler must then find them, the game proceeding from this point like hide-and-seek.

Where does the "Washington" come in? Why, during the traveler's journey, of course. Do not all roads, in America, lead to the White House?

EGG-ROLLING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Easter Monday in Washington is a gala day indeed for the little folks. Not because the air is balmy, the grass green, the hyacinths, tulips and crocuses in full bloom; these add to the pleasure, it is true, but the secret of the festal air that pervades the city is that this is Egg-Rolling Day.

Everywhere, in the early morning, may be seen children, singly and in groups, rich and poor, black and white, each with a fanciful little basket, hurrying gaily in the direction of the White House grounds; for on this day, by official

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decree, the grounds are given over to the enjoyment of the children.

Just where the time-honored custom originated is a disputed question, some saying that it was in Germany, others, in England and Scotland; but certain it is that it has taken firm root in the soil of our American capital. For a week before Easter, the children have been busy coloring their eggs with the brightest of calicoes and clearest dyes, decorating them in every conceivable way, each striving to obtain the most wonderful and artistic effects. Washington breakfasts are finished early on the morning of Easter Monday. Then all these artists in eggs are off, dressed for the most part in their prettiest clean aprons and school clothes, not too fine for play, for they are to have a great frolic.

No child is too small, too poor, or too black to have a share in the fun. Tiny tots are brought by their mothers or nurses—some just old enough to toddle, others in arms, many in baby carriages—to open their round eyes in wonder at the bright colors and curious sights about them. Here you will see a daintily clad darling in charge of a smiling, dusky white-capped nurse, from one of the wealthiest homes in the city; there, a cute little black pickaninny carried by its mother from the humblest cabin of the negro quarter. On this enchanted day all are on an equal footing; and from whatever home they

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come, in countless thousands, each one carries the pretty basket or satchel of hard-boiled eggs.

Without ceremony the invaders walk into the President's grounds, south of the White House, and take possession. If any are belated, their footsteps are quickened by the stirring music of the Marine band, which is ordered out for the occasion.

General Grant used to love to go out and sit on the benches, watching the good times. Nellie Arthur used to take part in the egg-rolling. Mrs. Cleveland delighted in the pastime. One Easter Monday, during Mr. Cleveland's term, the children arrived too early, and found the gate locked. Nothing was to be seen or heard of the watchman, so the small besiegers banged and rattled until the President came down and let them in himself. Later residents of the White House have been equally ready to encourage the frolic, and it seems reasonably safe to say that the present occupants will be no whit behind.

All sorts of out door games are played, but the chief attraction centers around the grassy knolls where, one after another, bright-hued eggs are started on their downward journey. Some little girl goes to the top of one of these knolls, and half gleefully, half cautiously drops an egg. As it rolls down the incline with increasing speed she starts screaming after it, fearing it may be broken. Another child follows, then another,

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till hundreds and thousands of eggs are rolled down hill and Jack and Jill go tumbling after.

Then there is the egg-racing. Two or more eggs are started down hill at the same time, while ten, twenty or fifty boys and girls watch them excitedly, cheering them like rival boat-crews, and even sprinkling salt on them to encourage them on their way.

Another method where two children have a little knoll all to themselves, is quite scientific. One drops an egg from the top, and the other, stationed at the bottom, holds the point of an egg to receive the broadside of the one descending. The egg being thus skillfully broken is eaten by the two comrades, probably as a sort of philopena.

Later in the day there is usually a "professional egg-eater" introduced, who performs some astonishing feats. It will serve as an instance to say that on one occasion this performer, a little street negro, not supplied with his own basket of eggs, offered to eat all that should be given him, and did actually devour in a few minutes twenty-six hard-boiled eggs, and walked off still looking wistful and hungry.

Toy balloons, games and the band of music add to the enjoyment of the day, and no holiday is more eagerly looked for by the children of Washington. Why the pastime of egg-rolling should be confined to the national capital, how-

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ever, is not clear. There is nothing to prevent the same frolic being a grand success wherever the weather is mild and the ground somewhat hilly.

FIREFLY HUNT.

This, with the song that accompanies it, is said by some to be of Chippewa origin, though the Senecas declare it to be "as old as grandfathers," which means to the Indian, of a very great age. That it is an Indian children's game, and a most picturesque one, is beyond dispute. Full of grace and motion, and played as it is in the gathering dusk rapidly darkening into gloom, the game presents a weird, unconscious beauty suggestive of elfland.

The children form an half circle, holding hands, and move slowly toward the fireflies, singing in a monotonous chant, an Indian song of which the following is a fairly good translation:

"Firefly, firefly, bright little thing,
Light me to bed, and my song I will sing ;
Give me your light, as you fly o'er my head,
That I may merrily go to my bed ;
Give me your light o'er the grass as you creep,
That I may joyfully go to my sleep ;
Come, little firefly ! come, little beast !
Come, and I'll make you tomorrow a feast ;
Come ! little candle, that flies as I sing,

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Bright little fairy bug—night's little king;
Come, and I'll dance as you guide me along;
Come, and I'll pay you, my bug, with a song."

While singing the children gradually approach where the fireflies are thickest. Often catching one, they hold it gently in their hands and carry it to their bed-rooms, where they set it loose as they get into bed, that it may "light them to sleep." They are careful not to kill or hurt one; and the extreme gentleness of the pretty game is as pleasing as it is unexpected, in these children of a savage race.

THE QUEEN'S CUP OF TEA.

An easy chair and small table should be carried out on the lawn. Besides these you will need a large cup, saucer, spoon, empty tin can, a pillow, a shawl, and a gilt paper crown, or one made, turban fashion, of yellow tissue paper.

The player representing the queen, or king, sits in the easy chair wrapped in the shawl, wearing the crown and resting his or her head against the pillow, looking as ill as possible. Beside or immediately in front of the chair is the table, containing the cup, saucer, spoon and can.

We will suppose there are eight players in addition to the queen. These arrange themselves in two rows, perhaps ten feet away from the sick monarch, on either side, facing the center.

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The four at the south side join hands, and keeping step, advance to the table, saying in concert,

"Our good queen (or king) is very ill; and what shall we do for her?" and then return to their place, walking backward.

The four players from the North advance and respond in concert,

"Give her three good wishes, three red apples, and steep a cup of hot, strong tea." They then retire as did the others, walking backward.

The four from the South again advance, asking,

"What shall we steep it in—this cup of hot, strong tea?"

The north players advance and, pointing to the tin can upon the table, respond:

"In the battered old tin can steep the queen's cup of hot, strong tea," and then both sides retire, walking backward.

The south players advance, inquiring,

"Of what shall we make this cup of hot, strong tea?"

The North side advances, responding,

"Of spices, roots and herbs, soothing and healing, make our queen's cup of hot, strong tea."

Both parties walk backward. Then the south side advances to the table. Player Number One on that side says:

"I have brought a bunch of pennyroyal."

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If this is not the herb previously chosen by the north side players, they advance, shaking their heads and saying earnestly:

"Pennyroyal will never, never do."

The south side players advance and try again, in the same way, player Number Two saying, for instance,

"I have brought a bunch of red pepper to make our queen's cup of hot, strong tea."

"Red pepper will never, never do," replies the north side, in emphatic concert.

Number Three, of the south side, says,

"I have brought a bunch of sage," etc.

If sage happens to be the herb thought of by the north side, the south side, having guessed it, has won the game; and for the next game the player in the north party, standing nearest the queen, must take her place, while the former queen becomes Number Four of the north side players. But if the south side players fail to guess the herb chosen by the other side, after each has had one guess, they lose the game. In either case, in the second game or round, the sides are reversed, the south side choosing the herb and the north side guessing.

It is best for the players to partly memorize in advance a list of herbs and kinds of tea to select from, and if the list be a long one it makes the game so much the more interesting. Here is a list which might be used:

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Red Pepper.	Parsley.	White Oak Bark.
Ginger.	Horse Radish.	English Breakfast.
Mustard.	Wormwood.	Young Hyson.
Peppermint.	Hops.	Souchong.
Wintergreen.	Spearmint.	Imperial.
Pennyroyal.	Dogwood.	Gunpowder.
Catnip.	Sassafras.	Old Hyson.
Sage.	Slippery Elm.	Oolong.
Thyme.	Orange Pekoe.	

Forfeits may be introduced if desired.

A hammock, if one happens to be swung from a convenient place on the lawn, makes an excellent substitute for the easy chair. The queen or king should not forget to help the illusion by an occasional dismal groan.

A GIRLS' FIELD DAY.

There is no good reason why the boys should give all the field days. Girls can do something besides sitting in a row, and applauding their brothers, and possibly giving out a few prizes. There are plenty of girls who love to do things in the open air, and when the spring has come, why should not some of them celebrate sports together, and invite their brothers to be onlookers and nothing more?

The Field Day Committee, which should be organized at least a month before the event, should consist of two wise, play-loving fathers,—or uncles,—and two wise, play-loving mothers,—

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or aunts,—in addition to four girls. This group of eight can easily make all the preparations. If necessary it can be sub-divided into committees on judging the events and awarding prizes; on laying out the field, providing seats, etc.; and on refreshments. If access can be had to grounds with a long driveway this will supply the running track. Possibly the piazza might form the grand stand and the judges' stand as well. In front of the piazza a wire should be stretched eight or ten feet above the ground. All races end beneath this wire. Should the piazza not be large enough to hold all the guests, benches and chairs can be placed on either side of it. It is best for all the spectators to sit on the outside of the track, so that there may be a clear view of the races. As boys are fond of being carpenters on occasion, perhaps some of the brothers may condescend to build a special grand stand and a charming little judges' stand, with a roof or a big umbrella over it; a Japanese umbrella would be attractive. Of course, the house and grounds should be decorated with flags and strips of bunting, and with the club colors if the girls have formed an athletic organization—say the Atlantides, in honor of the Greek girl who outran the youths. If a little orchestra will play on the piazza—or even if the orchestra is only one girl at a piano inside the house—Field Day will have more dash and excitement in it.

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There should be as many entries as possible. Girls who declare they can't even skip a rope should be urged to attend the preliminary meeting and hear the list of sports, some of which will be very easy indeed to train for. Here are some events from which to select:

Races.

- (1) 100 yards dash for girls under twelve—and for girls over twelve.
- (2) 440 yards dash for girls under twelve—and for girls over twelve.
- (3) 100 yards skipping race on one foot for all comers.
- (4) 440 yards dash by pairs of girls hand in hand, for girls under twelve—and for girls over twelve.
- (5) 100 yards egg-in-spoon race for all comers. Each runner carries a tablespoon containing a hard-boiled egg. If the egg is dropped, or touched with a finger, the runner is declared out of the race.
- (6) Potato race. Six rows of twelve potatoes each, for all comers.
- (7) 50 yards blindfolded walking match for all comers.
- (8) 100 yards water-carrier race for all comers. Each girl carries an open quart tin pail brimful of water at the start. The winner is the girl who finishes with the most water in her pail.

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(9) 50 yards skipping race for all comers. The girl who stops skipping after the word go is barred out.

(10) 100 yards doll-carriage race for girls under twelve. Each girl trundles a doll-carriage containing a large rag doll.

(11) Paring potatoes. Care, as well as speed, must be taken into consideration. Time, ten minutes.

(12) Half-mile bicycle race for girls over ten. Not more than three wheels in a race.

(13) Pulling a flag up a pole in the quickest time, for girls over twelve.

(14) 50 yards sack race on the grass, for all comers.

(15) 100 yards wheelbarrow race for girls over twelve. Each girl must trundle a small boy. A stop, or an upset, bars out the racer.

(16) 100 yards barrel-rolling race for all comers.

(17) 100 yards hoop-rolling race for all comers. A hoop knocked flat is out of the race.

Other Events.

(18) Tug of war.

(19) Throwing the beanbag into a soap-box, at twenty feet. Each contestant is allowed ten throws.

(20) A game of tag for ten minutes, in close

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boundaries. The winner is the girl tagged the least number of times.

(21) Putting the heavy beanbag, for girls over twelve. A bag a foot square should be tightly packed with beans. The contestant must throw it from within a four foot circle or square. A croquet ball may be used instead of the beanbag.

(22) Standing broad jump, for girls under twelve, and over twelve.

(23) Running broad jump, for girls under twelve, and over twelve.

(24) Backward standing broad jump, for girls under twelve, and over twelve.

(25) Sideway standing broad jump, for girls under twelve, and over twelve.

(26) Running high jump—over a piece of string—for girls under twelve, and over twelve.

(27) The most graceful seesawing by a pair of girls.

(28) Archery for girls over twelve.

There should be three grown-up judges and one referee for each event, and for the races a starter, in addition. In certain of the races, the judges will do well to give handicaps, and to see to it that the contestants are about of the same age.

Three o'clock is a good time to begin, and if there are not too many sports, the day might close with a basket ball, or base ball, game. One side should be the Blues, the other the Reds, and

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the audience should divide into two "colleges," and cheer. Girl ushers should show guests to their seats, and girl officials keep the track and field clear for the events. The ushers might wear a red ribbon badge showing the letter G. F. D.—Girls' Field Day—and a red ribbon in their hair. The track officials might wear similar badges and hair-ribbons of blue, and carry little gold-painted truncheons. The leading girl member of the committee should announce the events and present the prizes. These should be awarded after each event. They might be blue, red and white ribbons, appropriately marked, for first, second, and third places, respectively, or they might be genuine leather medals, tied with hemp string; tin "cups"; bags of peanuts; sticks of candy; china dolls; papers of pins; spools of thread; live kittens, with ribbons about their necks; skipping ropes; boxes of candy; athletic books, or games; bouncing balls, or a rubber football. Since it is probable that a number of girls will enter more than one event, there should be a special prize—the best prize of all—for the girl winning the largest number of points. First place in any entry should count three points; second place, two points; and third place, one point. The record of each girl entering for all-round honors should be kept by the judges on separate cards. The committee should decide as to the order in which the sports are announced.

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As a successful Girls' Field Day draws near to a close, there may be a few jealous looks among the boys in the audience; but their jealousy is quickly dispelled by the unfailing magic of refreshments, at the end of the sports.

FUN WITH A MINIE DART.

Every boy who likes to whittle and shoot at a mark—and what boy does not?—will find pleasure in making and testing a minie dart.

The only tools needed are a jack knife and a fine saw; the only materials, a pine stick two feet long and a half-inch thick, two or three brads, a piece of stiff cardboard five inches wide, an ash stick three feet long and a piece of stout string.

Whittle your pine stick perfectly straight and round, a little larger in diameter than a lead pencil. With the saw cut a slit in one end about five inches deep. Now take the piece of cardboard, cut it in the shape of Figure 1, and insert it lengthwise in the slit. Tack it on firmly with two or three brads, clinching them on the other side.



Figure 1.

After this is done, balance the dart carefully on your knife-blade to find the "center of gravity," and at the point where it balances, cut a notch

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slanting away from the card end. Be sure to cut the notch exactly in the right place, or the dart will not work. It must not be cut at the middle of the stick, or near the end, but just where it balances.

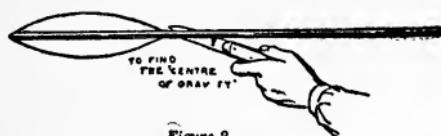


Figure 2.



Figure 3.

Now your dart is complete. Next, you want a lash with which to throw it. For this, a piece of pine or spruce might possibly do, but the ash is better because it is more springy.

Cut this about three feet long, the diameter of a whip handle, easy to hold, but thin and springy, tapering toward the end.

Take a piece of stout string about two feet long, tie a knot at one end, and fasten the other to the small end of the stick.

You are ready now to try shooting the dart. Hold it with the left hand, near to the tail or cardboard end, holding the whip in the right. Throw the string over the dart and draw it through the notch until it catches on the knot. Then with a quick upward motion, switch the whip into the air, letting go of the dart at the same moment. The dart will leave the string and soar high into the air.

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The lighter the dart is made, and the more springy the whip, the higher the minie dart will fly. By careful aiming and practice, it is said that a player may become very expert in hitting a mark; but until you do, it is best to practice at a safe distance from windows and other breakables, including people's heads, as the dart often flies with considerable force.



COLLECTING KNOTHOLES.

Few of us have escaped the craze for making collections of one sort or another—be it paintings, china, foreign curios, postage stamps, but-

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terflies or birds' eggs, stones, shells, or mosses; but did you ever hear of a collection of knot-holes?

If you live near a saw-mill or lumber yard you can spend many pleasant half-hours in making a collection as pretty and interesting as it is unusual, by picking up the bits of wood containing knotholes. There is a beautiful variety of markings and colorings in the irregular pieces of wood.

Some will have the knots in them, others only the holes with the soft shading of color around them. You will find red knots and yellow knots, brown knots and knots that are almost black; smooth knots and twisted knots; knots with bark on, and knots with bark off; knots with markings like animals' or people's faces, knots with delicate spider-web traceries, and knots like pictured landscapes, with trees, mountains, streams waves, cascades, church spires; there is no limit to the variety.

When you have selected a good number, saw each piece into a little square block with the knot or knot-hole in the center, or, if not skilled with the saw, you can probably get some friendly expert to do this for you. Then, at your leisure, you can smooth the edges with a jack knife and sandpaper, glue the blocks neatly together, with an eye to the best color combination, and you will have a really beautiful mosaic.

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Children will especially enjoy making such a collection, if encouraged by some one older who can lend a hand when required; and besides developing taste in arrangement, they will learn much regarding the different kinds of wood, while gaining both health and happiness in the process. For such reasons a country home near a lumber yard or saw-mill would be a good place in which to entertain a child visitor from the city.

GAME OF MAGIC LADDER.

Standing in a ring, the children begin counting as follows:

The leader says, "One I see," the next player says, "Two I see," and so on till the number seven is reached. The seventh player, instead of pronouncing the magic number by saying, "Seven I see," says, "I go up one round," and starts to run round the circle, on the outside. The next player continues, "Eight I see," the next, "Nine I see," and so on up to the next multiple of seven. The first runner tries to get around to the starting point before "fourteen" is reached. If unsuccessful, the runner is out of the counting part of the game, and though remaining in the circle, must turn and face the outside. When "fourteen" is reached, this being twice seven, the player, instead of saying, "Fourteen I see,"

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says, "I go up two rounds," and starts to run around the circle before "Twenty-one," the signal for "going up three rounds," is reached.

Each player having a multiple of seven, speaks accordingly, and runs once around the circle; but those who should be runners sometimes fail to quickly recognize the fact, in which case they must turn around and forfeit their count for the rest of the game. The game thus goes on till only one, the winner, is left facing the center.

NUTS IN MAY.

Among the old English folk-singing games this is one of the liveliest, and is still a favorite where known. The players form two long rows, facing each other, advancing and retreating alternately. They draw a boundary line on the ground between them, and sing as follows:

FIRST PARTY.

"Here we come gathering nuts in May,
Nuts in May, nuts in May.
Here we come gathering nuts in May
On a cold and frosty morning."*

SECOND PARTY.

"And who have you come to gather away,"
Gather away, gather away?
And who have you come to gather away
On a cold and frosty morning?"

*Tune, "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush."

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FIRST PARTY.

“We’ve come to gather (name) away,” etc.

SECOND PARTY.

“And who will you send to fetch her away,
etc.

FIRST PARTY.

“We’ll send (name) to fetch her away,” etc.

The two players named stand with their feet touching the boundary mark, and pull against each other, assisted by those behind, till the attacking party have succeeded or failed in dragging the player they ask for over to their side.*

CHILDREN’S DAY IN OLD ROME.

The Festival of the Secular Games marked the close of one “age” or seculum, which in Rome was a period of one hundred and ten years. The fifth celebration occurred in the time of Augustus, in the year of the Building of the City, 737, or about 17 B. C. It was in the opening days of the month of June. For weeks before the time all Rome had been on tiptoe, and as the third day of June drew near the excitement of the children was intense; for that was Children’s Day—the crowning time of the whole pageant.

Not a boy or girl in Rome but knew the meaning of the festival which no one could expect to

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see twice. They had been told how the founders of the Republic, ages before, had decreed, out of praise to the gods for blessings received and for protection granted, that at the completion of each seculum Rome should celebrate the event by joyful thanksgiving, by sacrifices to the gods and by a splendid display.

Already for two days had the great celebration been going on. Before midnight on the thirty-first day of May there had been a constant succession of ceremonies and processions, bonfires and illuminations, choruses and games, altar-building and statue-raising, laughter, song and praise. Each day and night had been set apart as sacred to some one of the immortal gods of the Romans. Honor was paid to the three Fates who were believed to govern the lives of men; to Jupiter, greatest among gods; to the daughters of Juno, the patronesses and guardians of womanly strength and beauty; to Juno herself, the splendid "queen of heaven;" to the Earth, the mother of all things; and to Apollo and Diana, the brother and sister deities—the one the god of the sun and the day, the other the goddess of the moon and the night.

It was to this brother and sister—to Apollo and Diana—that Children's Day, the third of June, was sacred; and because the future of Rome itself, its greatness and its glory, must depend upon the children of Rome when they

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should have grown to manhood and womanhood, the celebration of Children's Day was deemed by the priests and rulers the most important of the three days' festival.

Every boy and girl in Rome was up early, as may well be imagined, on that bright June morning. The light breakfast of bread and grapes was eaten more hastily than usual, and soon all Rome was in the streets; boys and girls, men and women, citizens and countrymen, all hurrying to get the best positions from which to see the great procession. From the palaces on the Palatine and the wretched hovels in the Suburra, the over-crowded "poor quarter" of the city; from the homes of the tradespeople near the Cælian Hill; from the long street of houses near the city gate, and from scattered villas and farmhouses beyond the walls, they came.

Let us blot out, in imagination, all obstacles of time and space, and take our position at the top of a colonnade on the Temple of Victory, in the broad Area of Apollo on the Palatine Hill. Here we can obtain the best view.

As this is a festival of gratitude for the prosperity of Rome through the age which has just closed, it calls for the very best Rome has to show, and in this procession will appear representatives of the highest rank.

Hark! here it comes—the loud blast of the trumpets as the pageant winds slowly down the

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Sacred Street. Now it swings around into the Street of Apollo and passes under the noble arch upon which stand the beautiful figures of Apollo and Diana, carved from a single block of the whitest marble.

First comes an “urban cohort” or squad of city police, led by its captains or prefects, to clear the way; next, the public trumpeters, signaling the advance; then a company of mounted prætorian guards, the Emperor’s especial soldiers, resplendent in brilliant uniform, their spear-tips glistening in the bright June sunlight. Following them march the bearers of the standards and the sacred images; and then, surrounded by his guards, the first man in the Empire, Octavius Augustus, Emperor of Rome—the ender of the Republic, the beginner of the Empire, the chief and central figure in the Roman world. At the altar of Apollo he offers up the sacrifice, consisting of cakes and flour and cheese prepared for this especial ceremony; and the throng is again in motion.

Here come the two consuls for the year, next to the emperor the chief officers of the state. Six hundred senators, Rome’s best and most illustrious men; a long line of priests belonging to the four “sacred colleges;” then the seven famous Vestal Virgins, guardians of the sacred fire that must never go out.

Following the vestals come one hundred and

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ten of the highest-born matrons of Rome—one for each year in the “age” celebrated. And following them—do you not hear the singing?—the fifty-four selected children of Rome, the life and joy and flower of this splendid Children’s Day procession.

At their head walks the world-famous poet and singer, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, whom all Rome knows by the more popular name “the poet Horace.” By him was written, especially for this occasion, the song of victory, praise and supplication, the whole seventy-six verses of which the children know by heart.

Twice up and down the Sacred Street, from the Capitol to the Temple of Apollo, moves the beautiful procession—guards, trumpeters, standard-bearers, emperor, consuls and senators, priests and vestals, noble mothers, boys and girls; the children clad in snow-white tunics, crowned with flowers and waving their garlands and laurel branches. At the shrine of Apollo they cast down their choicest flowers until the white marble is almost buried beneath the fluttering rose-leaves. Before the statue of Diana the girls dance and sing; and as the procession moves away, the last sound to be heard in the distance—the sweetest music of all—is the clear voices of the fifty-four strong young singers, as the words float back to us:

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"Hail, Apollo! sheath thy arrows; be thou gentle, kind and free;

O, thou glorious! O, thou just one! hear the boys who pray to thee.

Hail, Diana! queen of heaven, wearer of the crescent flame!

Sovereign lady, kind and gracious, hear the girls who call thy name.

We are Romans! All men fear us,—Mede and Scythian, Goth and Gaul;

Where our eagles fly, we conquer; Rome is ruler over all.

We are Romans! may we never fail our love toward thee to show;

Ever be in war victorious, lenient to the prostrate foe.

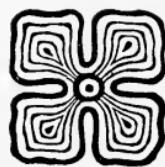
O, ye gods, who made Rome mighty! grant to us, thy girls and boys,

Helpful youth, an age of quiet, health and wealth and countless joys.

Grant that faith and peace and honor, virtue, love and truth adorn

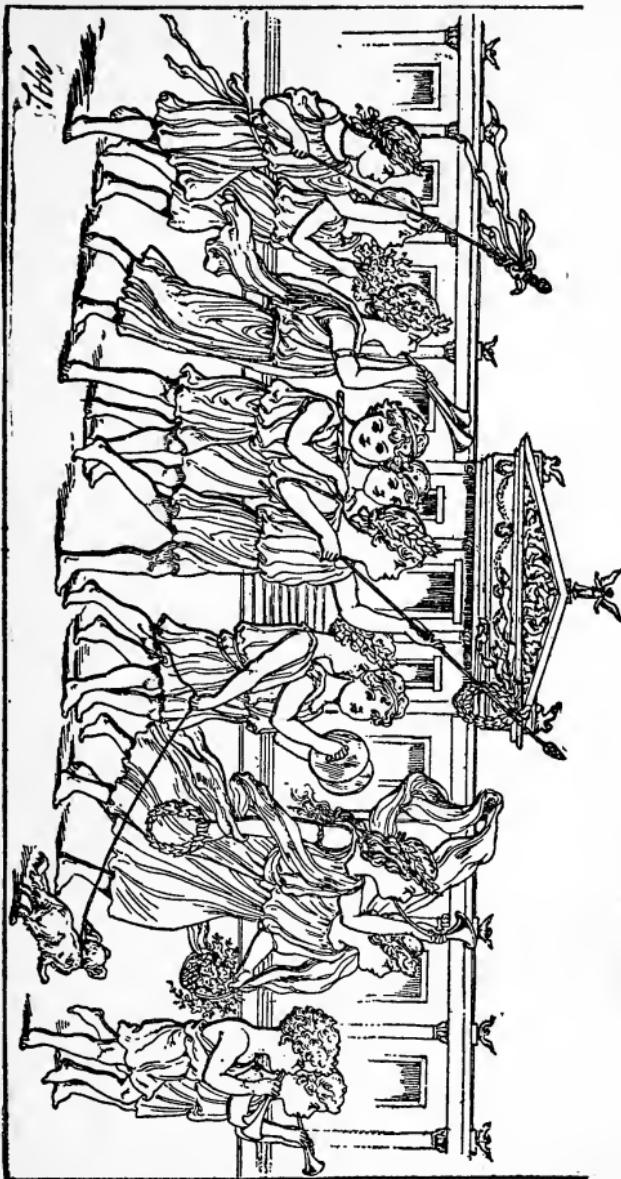
All our lives; while gracious Plenty bears for us the o'erflowing horn."

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.



EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

CHILDREN'S DAY IN OLD ROME.



EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

SWEDISH WATER SPORTS.

In Sweden everybody takes a keen interest in sailing, swimming and water sports of all kinds. In fact, swimming is part of the national education. Nearly every man and woman in Sweden can swim, and numbers of them are as much at home in the water as ducks. It is a curious fact that in every province diplomas and degrees for superior swimming are given by the educational department of the government. These "candidate" and "master" degrees, as they are called, are greatly coveted, and the day on which they are awarded is made one of the popular national festivities.

If you were to visit Stockholm on the 11th of August—the annual "degree day"—you would see an array of exciting sports. Various water-games are played, including diving and swimming contests in which not only young men, but those sixty years of age, often compete for the prizes. Tub-races, where everyone can swim well, are not so dangerous as they look, and are comical in the extreme. The racers sit upright in the tubs (if they can!) paddling with hands and feet. The tubs often turn over, spilling the racers out, and it is in these sudden upsets to which every aquatic Diogenes is liable, rather than in the progress of the tubs, that the excitement and fun consist.

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The European water-circus, and our water-polo, both arranged with the aid of tanks, probably had their origin or suggestion in the lakes and rivers of Sweden. Perhaps a partial description of the water-circus may be of interest.

Into an ordinary circus ring are brought sections of an iron tank, which are fitted together, locking tightly. Then a huge roll of rubber is tumbled into this tank, and spread out to make the bottom of the lake thoroughly water-tight. A bridge, usually with double arch and central platform, which has been suspended overhead with trapeze bars, etc., is now lowered and fitted across the lake. On one side of this manufactured lake is a series of embankments, rising to the musicians' gallery. Suddenly, when all is ready, there is a rush of water from under the gallery, and a fine cascade, flashing rainbow-like in the changing hues of electric light, pours in a foaming torrent into the lake below.

When the tank is quite filled, a skiff, containing a young man and a young woman—who seems much afraid of the water—makes its appearance, the young man rowing with an air of conscious elegance and dexterity. A group of dancers comes skipping over the bridge, followed by various picturesque groups of pedestrians. Then a delightfully solemn, matter-of-fact squire appears, fishing-pole in hand, and casts his line with every sign of lively expectancy. Presently he

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has a most remarkable bite, tugs at his pole, and raises to view a tremendous fish, whose struggles spatter the occupants of the skiff and excite the fisherman so that he finally loses his balance and falls from the bridge headlong into the water.

Other catastrophes, including the overturning of the skiff, follow thick and fast, but an exceedingly fat policeman, in an inflated rubber suit, finally serves as a life-preserved, and in the midst of the confusion a great spurt of water rises from the centre of the bridge, lighted by flashes of colored fire, and with this sudden and graceful fountain, the water-circus is at an end.

PRINCE THISTLEDOWN'S JOURNEY.

The children stand in a circle, and each is numbered. One of them is provided with a small feather. When the numbering is finished, all join hands and begin moving around, singing in concert:

“Prince Thistledown is riding to town
While bright and fair is the weather,
He wears in place of a golden crown
A velvet cap with a feather.”*

Then the players stand still, and Number One asks:

“Who saw Prince Thistledown?” in reply to which Number Four says:

* Tune, “Weevily Wheat.”

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"I saw Prince Thistledown."

"Where did you see him?" inquires Number One again, and Number Four replies:

"Going east," or "south," etc., according to preference.

Immediately the one holding the feather must toss it up into the air and blow it in the direction named as that of Prince Thistledown's journey. The other players try, by blowing or fanning the feather whenever it comes near them, to keep it in the air without touching it. When in spite of all their efforts it finally alights, the one nearest it must pick it up and hold it, while the players circle around as at first, singing, "Prince Thistledown is riding to town," etc. The same dialogue follows, only this time Number Two is the questioner and Number Five replies. Next time it is Numbers Three and Six; and thus the game continues.

If Prince Thistledown be started in a different direction almost every time, as northwest, north, southwest, etc., it will add to the interest in chasing him. The breeze may take a hand in the game, also, and make it more exciting, as at any moment it is possible that the fairy prince may be swept out of view altogether. When this happens, the one last holding him must pay a forfeit.

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TURN-PIKE-LOO.

On the way to the picnic, when the ride is in a wagon, stage or omnibus, in the country, an amusing game is Turn-pike-loo. The players divide themselves into two sides, right and left, including the driver. Each side names and counts all animals passed on that side—a dog, cat, sheep, cow, pig, horse or domestic fowl counting one; a man, woman or child, five; an animal with a bell, fifteen; an animal looking out of a barn or stable window, twenty; and a baby in a farmhouse window, fifty.

The game is two hundred. The driver, of course, tries to pass all animals upon his side; but the leader of the other side may get out and spoil the driver's plan, at times, by chasing and coaxing the creatures over to his own side. This adds to the interest, and the game usually grows exciting, the amusement of the players being only equaled by the surprise of the live stock at such peculiar anxiety regarding their mode of progress.

FLOWER PARADE.

It was the first of May, in New Orleans—months after the festivities of the Mardi Gras. The roses were in full bloom, and their fragrance was everywhere. May Day, as you know, is a time of blossoms in great profusion in that semi-tropical region.

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A parade is always dear to the Creole heart, and this one included more than fifty carriages and floats, each covered with flowers and representing the interests of some special orphan asylum; for the plan had its charitable as well as its æsthetic features. The procession was to form near the Fair Grounds, and to the carriage voted to be the most beautiful was to be given, for its asylum, the proceeds of the day.

The first carriage was a veritable bower of morning glories; two rosy-cheeked girls with flower-decked parasols were driving, surrounded by a cluster of wreathed and garlanded children. Next came a float decked with airily festooned vines falling in green profusion over a group of woodland nymphs and their queen on a mossy throne; the entire color scheme being of green. Following this was a carriage with delicate pink blossoms, ribbons and draperies; then one whose rich, velvety red roses were massed in countless numbers around the dark-eyed little maidens who occupied it. A carriage followed with the daintiest arched background covered thickly with small blue flowers, very like forget-me-nots, contrasting prettily with the golden curls of the occupant. There were carriages and floats with tulips, with carnations, with pansies, with roses of every hue; but the carriage winning the prize was one where the central figure holding the reins sat beneath an immense Easter lily, her-

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self a veritable flower of whiteness and purity—a gauzy white scarf floating from her shoulders—while half a dozen young girls, crowned and winged, were grouped about her. Every part of the carriage—wheels, body, top and seats—seemed made of lilies, and the very trappings of the horses glistened like snow in the sunlight. Through all the procession were mingled the faces of smiling children so interwoven with the flowers that one could hardly tell where the human blossoms left off and the others began.

While such an entertainment is of course elaborate, it is one to be long remembered, and would be appreciated in any place or season where flowers and sunshine can be relied upon.

SUNRISE LAWN PARTY.

The pretty little church building was now complete. Everyone was proud of it; but thus far there was only bare ground where its velvety lawn ought to be.

This would not do at all, so a few of the wise ones put their heads together, decided upon a plan, and issued an invitation like this:

LAWN PARTY.

You are cordially invited to attend a lawn party in front of the new chapel, on Thursday at 5 A. M. Gentlemen will please each bring a rake

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and a hoe. Refreshments will be served by the ladies as fast as merited. Be punctual or you will miss the best part of the fun.

Yours sincerely,
Committee on Good Times.

Everyone was suitably impressed. On retiring Wednesday night even the sleepy-heads set their alarm clocks for an hour so early as to rival the birds' first songs; for was not this Staten Island, and must there not be time allowed first for the lawn party itself, then for the guests to make themselves presentable for breakfast, followed by the usual hour and a half's trolley and ferry travel to the city business office? In any suburb less remote, the festivities could have been arranged to begin at half-past five, or even six. Not so here.

Thursday morning dawned bright and clear—a perfect June day; and from all directions, as the clocks pointed to five, could be seen brave knights sallying forth with weapons that might well cause Mother Earth to tremble if she had been hoping to remain undisturbed. None of these amateur gardeners would have made a good subject for Edwin Markham's genius, for all looked as if they were bent on having a particularly jolly time.

And they had it. Grass seed and fertilizer, spades and forks were on hand, and with the help of an experienced master of ceremonies, the

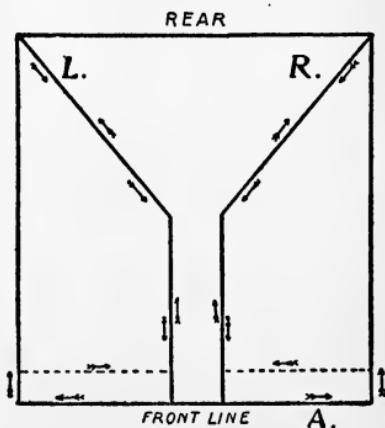
EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

lawn party was soon under way. Some of the smaller gardeners, from ten to twelve years of age, were among the most enthusiastic, and before the clock struck six the chapel grounds began to show signs of some time being a credit to the community.

Coffee and sandwiches kept the workers from famishing until they could reach home for breakfast, and when, two weeks later, the lawn began to robe itself in visible garments of fine luxuriant green, all voted the unique lawn party a great success.

LITTLE WAVELETS.*

For this little motion song there should be an even number of small children, wearing white



caps, and either long white nightgowns or tissue paper dresses of sea-green or blue, with stockings

* For music, see page 192.

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and slippers, if possible, of the same color. Whichever plan is chosen, all should be dressed alike, and the caps are indispensable.

The children should march in from the rear on lines as shown in A, forming by twos on lines R and L, turning on front as shown by arrows. After forming on front line, a signal is given to halt. In marching and in halting there should be kept a distance of at least fifteen inches. Another signal is now given to face front.

Song with gestures:

1. Once I got into a boat—(this line should be sung by the two center ones).

Such a pretty, pretty boat—(all together, with emphasis on “pretty,” holding out hands and expressing as much as possible in face).

Just as the day was dawning; (point as if to horizon).

And I took a little oar,

And I rowed away from shore, (rowing movement all together, having imaginary oar at each side)

So very, very early in the morning.

Chorus:

And every little wavelet had its nightcap on,
(at word nightcap all place right hand to side of head, touching cap with tips of fingers, and then catch strings, which should be hanging loosely, and hold out in graceful position through rest of

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chorus. All through the chorus the children keep up a swaying, undulating movement, turning slightly from one side to the other, crossing the right foot in front of the left and replacing it, in time to the music.)

2. In their cave so cool and deep, (stoop over and peer as if looking in cave and point with right hand, turning facing diagonally to left. Rise at the word "deep" and show how deep the water is by holding up right hand, then drop hands to side and face front.)

All the fishes were asleep. (Here they should slowly drop the head forward, inclined a little to one side so that the face can be seen, but all in same direction. Children will do this very naturally, as they relax so easily.)

Save when the ripples gave them warning. (Extend right hand forward to right, and give it a ripple movement while extending it by raising and lowering wrist and fingers, which should be closed, alternately.)

Said the minnow to the skate,

"Do not lie abed so late," (these two lines should be sung by two center children, and while singing second line each should shake her forefinger reprovingly at the other.)

So very, very early in the morning. (All together.)

Chorus.

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3. Said the sturgeon to the eel, (by two on each end of line)

"Just imagine how I feel (all together, showing great languor.)

Pray do excuse me for yawning (all together yawning placing the right hand to mouth.)

But these folks should let us know

When a-rowing they would go (these two lines should be sung by two in center.)

So very, very early in the morning."

Chorus.

A signal is now given, and they turn facing as before. Another signal is then given for them to march to lines "R" and "L" on dotted lines, and out on diagonal lines as on entering.

TOM, TOM, PULL AWAY.

The children stand in a line, except one who stands facing them a little distance away. When ready the rest call out to him, "Tom, Tom, pull away!" and "Tom" accordingly starts to run, not away from them, but towards them, his object being to break through the line and reach the goal at a stated distance beyond. The other players try to prevent him, and it must be a very agile and determined "Tom" who succeeds in eluding or overcoming his would-be captors.

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"Is that all there is of the game?" I asked of the one who described it to me.

"That is all, and——" his eyes twinkling with recollection, "you would find it quite enough!"

MORNING-GLORY HOUSE.

It stood a little back from the road, on a small but well-kept lawn—this dainty little Morning-Glory House—and from the rippling laughter and sounds of children's voices was evidently the scene of a delightfully informal reception, though of this no glimpse could be had until one had passed the thickly shielded side and approached the front entrance.

Yes, there, inside, was the little hostess in a pink dress, looking much like a morning-glory blossom herself, and two other little girls with their dolls, all of whom were chatting merrily—even the dolls, for they were of the talking variety. It was easy to see that everyone was having a thoroughly good time, and no wonder, in such a charming place.

It is so little trouble, comparatively, to build such a playhouse, that I wonder that we do not see more of them. This one was perhaps eight feet square. It had the simplest of frames, much like a grapevine arbor, with peaked roof and open front and rear. The small maiden who reigned

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as undisputed queen of the household took a lively interest in the setting up of the frame, you may be sure. When that was complete she planted the morning-glory seeds herself, and then those wonderful builders, Messrs. Sun, Rain & Co., finished the work by putting on all the weatherboards and shingles required, and painting the house green outside and inside, with decorations that appeared as if by magic, new every morning.

This bit of history of the building of Morning-Glory House I learned while making my call at the larger dwelling, and before leaving I could not resist taking a nearer peep, although the reception was nearly over, and the delicate pink, blue and white decorations were invisible at that hour. Such a cozy nook! Yes, it pays to have playhouses, and you will find in the following articles directions for building a whole quartette of them.

MOSS COTTAGE.

All houses, whether of wood or stone, are the cleaner for a shower, but it is the moss cottage that a shower makes as good as new.

A little girl with a convenient big brother, in scrambling over the "pudding stones" back of the mountain cottage, came upon a flat-topped rock, which looked as if it were meant for something besides a chipmunk's feasting ground.

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After a charming little afternoon tea, served on the rock one day, with some velvety green moss as a tablecloth, the next idea was a moss cottage, and in this the big brother's help was enlisted. They built a three-sided wall of stones about four feet high and five feet long. The stones were of the kind that is covered with gray lichens—a moss that does not quickly fade. After the stones were set carefully in place, the cottage was roofed over with boards, covered first with tar paper, then with a thick layer of black mold. The top of this "chocolate layer cake" was moss, laid evenly and pressed down firmly.

The freshest pieces of moss were taken from a ledge where a stream dashed over. The front of the cottage was left open, and on the earthen floor was laid a thick birch-bark mat bordered by moss.

The furniture of "Moss Cottage" included a neat little cupboard made by fitting shelves into a soap-box and tacking a curtain of green cloth to the open front; also a toadstool table made by fastening a round piece of board to a section of a silver birch.

There were half-a-dozen kinds of moss on that cottage roof—dark green moss that might have been a fairy forest, lighter green moss that grew up in firm cushions, bluish gray moss that looked delicious enough to nibble.

In digging the moss, care was taken to leave

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

as much mold as possible clinging to the roots; and the very first morning after the house was built, the mosses were accustomed to their strange beds and began trustfully stretching out rootlets. All summer long they were green and fresh, for when storms were far between the watering pot was turned into a rain cloud.

PINENEEDLE COTTAGE.

The house was a piano box, but the children rested on a soft floor of pineneedles.

The front of the box was knocked out. Two long boards were nailed together to form a letter L, with the ornaments left off. The L was turned upside down, and a second L was made, precisely like the first one. The two L's were nailed to the upper front corners of the box. Then a board was nailed across the upper front corners of the L's, and there was part of the framework of the porch. Other boards were nailed from one L-top to the other, about two feet apart, and soft evergreen branches were woven in and out among the crosspieces. Then a pile of branches was laid on top of the box—and when this was done the children sat in their cool green bower as happy as birds in a nest.

When the evergreen turned yellow and dry, it was cleared away, the roof covered with a piece of canvas painted green, and the piazza posts

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and the outside of the piano box painted, too. Then the children could spread pretty green things on their roof, as often as they chose, and have the fun of clipping the evergreen with their own hands. Riding on a wheelbarrow on top of evergreen boughs is much nicer than ordinary play.

The family of Pineneedle Cottage paid a visit to the wallpaper man, who was glad to give his little friends a book of paper samples. A play-house wall covered with twenty or thirty squares of different kinds of paper is much more interesting than the common, one-pattern kind of wall. This is what the cottagers thought. Each had favorite patterns, and those patterns which none liked were covered over with Christmas cards and pretty pictures cut from magazines.

Furniture was to be found, for the nursery chairs and tables were too good to leave outdoors. Three nail kegs, with their upper front portions sawed away, were made into easy chairs, and covered with dark green cloth.

Mamie wanted a writing desk more than anything else, so on a soap box foundation was set an egg box in which the cardboard compartments were the pigeonholes. The egg box was set on its side, and to its lower edge a board was fastened by hinges. Lots of letters were read and answered at the little desk that summer. The postoffice was a hole in a cherry tree.

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The table, on which both mud-pies and real cookies were served, was a board hinged to the back of the cottage. It could be propped up by a stick. Once in a while Eason stubbed his toe against the prop in the middle of a meal, and something happened, but no one minded much.

Dewdrop's doll hammock was swung from the piazza roof, and when the children from across the street were invited to dinner a soap box was spread beneath it.

A piano box is not large, but when the easy chairs, the desk and the table were in place there was still room for corner shelves, a tiny mantel and a box sofa.

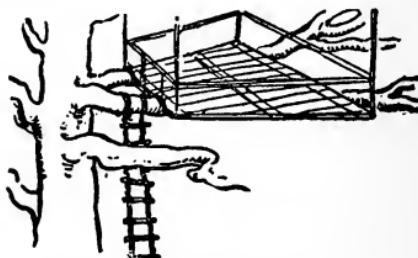
A light shower hurt neither cottage nor owners, unless one of the children happened to sit under a certain crack in the cottage roof.

HIGH-UP HOUSE.

Twelve feet from the ground two big branches formed a V lying down. I say "big branches," for the supports of a tree-house must be strong indeed. Other supports were three floor beams of ash. Pine could have been used instead; oak would have been better. They were six inches wide and eight inches thick. The part of the beam that rested upon the branch Brother hollowed out with a chisel and drawknife to a depth of four inches. It was not easy to cut into the

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hard wood. The beam nailed nearest the point of the V was three feet, the middle beam four feet, and the outer beam five feet across.



No. 1. THE FRAME.

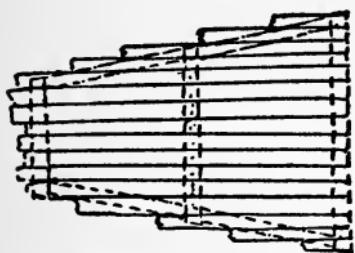
A pulley and endless rope were rigged up for an "elevator," as Eason called it. The pulley was screwed into a limb over the V. Eason, on the ground, sent up lumber to Charles and brother, astride of the V. From the shortest beam to the longest one was a distance of eight feet. Because long boards were not easy to find, and that it might be very firm, the flooring was laid in three sections, separate pine boards, each an inch thick and six inches wide, being nailed from beam to beam.

The outside boards were shaved even with the branches.

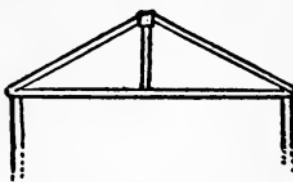
A steamer deck or a Robinson hut without a rail would be a dangerous place. The boys spent their third day of work in putting up a railing. "Slow work?" Just wait until you haul all your lumber up a pulley elevator and balance yourself on a limb to do your nailing.

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Four posts of pine, each two and a half feet high and three inches thick, were screwed, not nailed, to the four corners of the flooring; that is, each post was screwed to the side of the outside



No. 2. FLOOR.



No. 3. RAFTERS.

board, the beam, and the branch itself. The lower part of the post was cut to fit the limb. Two more posts of the same size were nailed between the four first ones, and planks six inches wide (you may have wider ones on hand) were nailed from post to post to serve as the railing, or rather fence. Of course there was no rail on the narrow end of the V. Here a "back" door was hung. It was made of three ten-inch planks, cleated, hinged and fastened with a hook and staple.

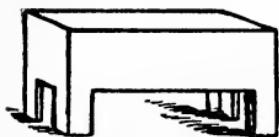
"We must have a rainproof roof," said Brother; "one that won't blow away nor leak very much."

Eason procured long pieces of pine an inch thick, which he cut into four three-foot lengths. These he nailed as posts to the corners of the railing, leaving a length of two and a half feet from the railing top to the top of the posts. The gable ends of the roof were pieces of pine half an

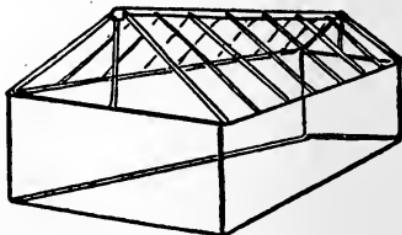
EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

inch thick, nailed on a slant against the eight-foot ridgepole of inch pine, an inch square.

You will notice the central supports of inch square pine, shown in the diagram (Fig. 5).



No. 4. SEAT.



No. 5. ROOF TIMBERS.

There is no use in telling just how long were these slanting pieces, for the front of the hut was narrower than the rear. Some people will tell you that a gently sloping roof is comfortable and firm; others will say: "Your roof-end should be the shape of a thin piece of pie." Pieces of molding were nailed from one roof-post to another, on front and sides, and smaller pieces, six of them, were nailed from the ridgepole to the long side-poles.

Brother tacked a sheet of canvas eight by thirteen feet, to the ridgepole, the seven small pieces, and the side pieces. The five feet of canvas to spare were neatly folded back on the roof until an awning was needed to protect the "Robinsons" from the rain. And pieces from the same old sail were cut into two triangular awnings to fit the open gable ends. The boys might have nailed thin

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

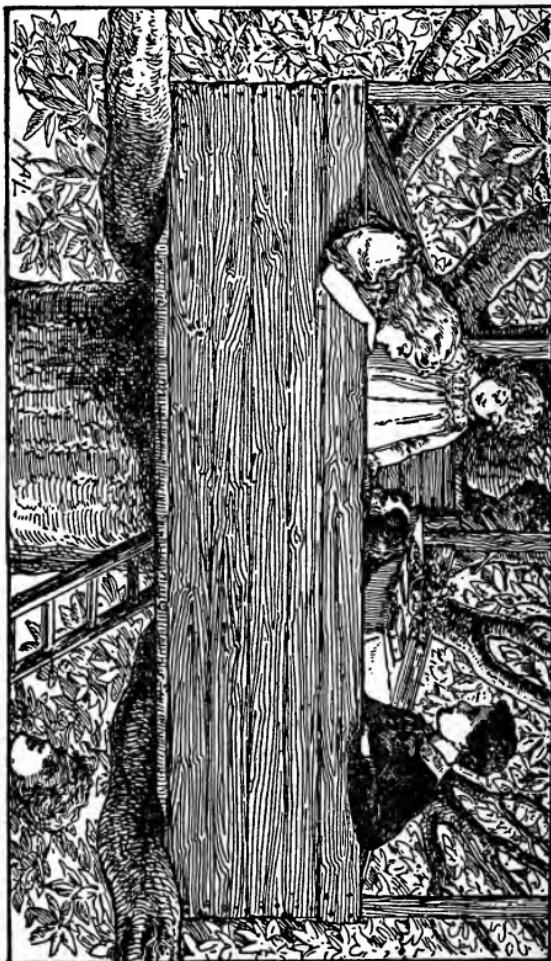
boards to the framework, covering the boards with tar paper; but it so happened that the old sail was lying useless in the attic. Or they might have been satisfied with a roof of leafy branches or evergreen. The canvas was painted a dark green, to match Old Buckeye's suit.

So the house was built. Eason called it "Robinson Roost," but Charles preferred "Highup House" as a name. Most houses, as you know, are not really built until they are furnished. And furniture costs money.. Charles and Eason spent not a cent on theirs. A sprinkling of sweet-smelling pine needles; then a layer of old comfortables; last of all blankets; what Brussels carpet could be more soft? Chairs were boxes painted green and backed with pine boards screwed in place. Both chairs and tables were given legs by sawing them on four sides.

The dining table was three feet high and three feet square. The pantry was a box three by two feet, fitted with shelves and curtained with the same kind of green cloth that covered the table. Dishes were wooden pie plates, and nicked saucers, which hold the same tasty jam, pickles, candy and cake that eggshell china holds. There was a set of tin Cock Robin picnic plates, too, which Brother donated, and a broken-nosed teapot that poured milk instead of tea, and a set of cups and saucers that were horse-chestnuts—"buck-eyes"—nicely hollowed out by Charles. Charles

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also carved a set of wooden knives and forks. The forks had but one prong each, but that didn't matter. He thought making spoons "was too much work."



EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

There are several ways of reaching Highup House—that is, if you are invited to make a call. If you are not, you'd better stay away. Mickey O'Sluggerum, who lives over in Parrow street, is not likely to forget the afternoon he tried to "burgle" Robinson Roost. He thought no one was at home, for the boys, four of them, kept still as mice. When he had clambered almost to the front door—well, he went home very wet, indeed.

"Any way, Mickey did need a bath," was how Eason explained it.

But about climbing up. You can swing yourself upon that low branch, and from there go up three flights of branches to the third story, or you can pull yourself up, hand-over-hand, on a knotted rope. Or you can climb up the rope ladder it took two weeks to make. If you splice a rope ladder, the rungs had better be of hickory—say, pieces of old broomsticks. The part of the wood where the rope fastens should be notched all the way round, to prevent slipping.

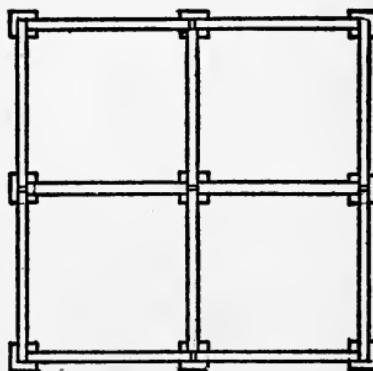
FAIRY BOWER.

A place twelve feet square was marked off. Four heavy cedar stakes, each two feet long and three inches thick, were driven into the four corners of the square. Then this big

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

square was made into four smaller ones by driving five more stakes—one between each pair of the others, and one in the middle. Five inches of each stake were allowed to stick out of the ground. The children pounded with the big mallet until they had to sit down and fan themselves. Dewdrop saved all her strength for the middle stake—"the lucky one" she called it—and what if the grass was hit oftener than the stake?

Brother nailed twelve boards, each six feet long, from stake to stake—on top of them, of course. The boards were of pine, an inch thick and three inches across. When the boards were nailed the frame of the "deck" looked like this:



The next thing to do was to nail boards on the frame. The deck might have looked a little better if the boards had been of the same length; but surely you wouldn't buy wood when you have packing boxes in the cellar.

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It will require eighteen boards eight inches wide, or twenty-four boards six inches wide.

It's not so easy to find forked poles as it might be. Eason spied the first one. He was always on the lookout for bean-shooter crotches. It lay in the brush heap, and would have been in Emily's stove within half an hour if the little chap hadn't rescued it.

"The poles must be ten feet long," Brother told Eason, "because we must drive them three feet in the ground. That will make our new house seven feet high—high enough for this six-footer to stand up straight in."

Four more poles, these thirteen feet long, were laid in the forks, or across them. White birch poles would have been prettier. Little carpenters and the big one went in to supper hungry and happy.

The next day they tied string and string and string "from pole to pole," as the geographies say, and from the end poles to tiny stakes in the ground. Heavy wrapping twine was used—thin strings break easily. In the center of each "end" of the bower Brother fastened a hoop with an upper and a lower string. When the strings around them, long and short ones, were rightly tied, the hoops were ready to become windows through which the children could peep when the vines were grown.

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"We're just like fairies," said Dewdrop, in a serious voice. "First we turn into carpenters, and then into spiders; and now we're going to be—to be—"

"Gardeners," finished Brother. (The strands of the web were a foot apart.) "Eason, where are your toy shovels and rakes?" He took from his pocket a gayly colored envelope. "These," he went on, "are the seeds of the beautiful Mexican moonflower, a kind of morning-glory. We will get a spade and make a narrow bed on each side, and plant the seeds in a raked-over spot beneath the strings tied to stakes. We will scatter the seed, and will rake dirt over them. The blue and white flower moons will be 'full' in July. At the four corners of the playhouse we will plant roots of the Virginia creeper, and soon the lovely swaying tendrils will be shaking hands with the moonflowers."

Dewdrop laid some of the seeds in their beds with her own dainty hands. April showers and May sunshine gave the vines all the help they needed. Such a cool bower as the playhouse was in July! Sometimes the rain pattered through the leafy roof, but the floor was soon dry.

The children gave a "housewarming" when the flowers were out and the handlike leaves of the creeper were many. They served honey on butter plates, and cakes on grape leaves, and the favors were moonflowers.

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A little guest named Elwyn wanted to know all about Fairy Bower, Dewdrop's name for the new playhouse.

"Many vines besides the moonflower," Brother told the little boy, "would clamber quickly over the cottage. You could plant them on three sides of your bower if you wanted to." He jotted down on a piece of paper several names of quick growers, among them balloon vine, wild cucumber, hop, Madeira vine and several kinds of morning-glories. He also wrote names of roots to be planted at the corner posts. Some of these names were clematis, or virgin's bower; Cobæa scandens (a queer name), Wistaria, and trumpet creeper. "Next year," said Brother, "we will plant different quick growers at the same time. A cake always tastes better for having different spices in it. You can get many quick growers for five cents a packet. Yes, I have bought twelve kinds of morning-glories for fifty cents. When did we plant the seeds? O, the last part of April. In Massachusetts, where you go every summer, May 10 would be soon enough. Good-bye."

ICE-BOATING.

Swift motion, smooth ice, and freedom from smoke, cinders and other evidences of man's presence, combine to cause one traveling on an ice-boat to feel that he is skimming through the air

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instead of along the earth; while the absence of effort on his part and of artificial means of propulsion only serve to increase the illusion. He feels, as one writer puts it, "acutely ethereal."

Northern Europe is the original home of the sport. In Holland, for hundreds of years past, boats have sailed over the ice of the canals. The people of that country use them for business rather than pleasure. Sledges laden with corn, flour or wood may often be seen there, sliding on the ice, their sails set to the wind. Wealthy men of St. Petersburg sail their ice-boats on the Baltic. In Switzerland, on the great lakes of Sweden and occasionally on one of the frozen lochs of Scotland, the boats appear.

But perhaps some of my readers do not know what an ice-boat is. Briefly, it is a triangular timber framework, with a tall mast rising from the front of the frame. It is placed upon three steel runners, all long and curved fore and aft; the after one acting as a rudder. This rudder skate is turned by a tiller and must be very sharp to obtain a grip on the ice.

To steer an ice yacht requires a calm disposition and a quick eye, for the slightest touch of the tiller will spin the boat around; and unless the helm be turned gradually the yachtsmen will find themselves overboard. The helmsman takes his place at the farthest point aft, and he has an exciting time when the boat "lifts" or "rears," as

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frequently happens under pressure of high speed.

A favorite place for ice-boating near Chicago is at Madison, Wisconsin. There is a stretch of twelve miles for a run with the wind on the quarter, and expert sailors on a windy day gather an astonishing rate of speed. An ice-boat is literally swifter than the wind, for it does not sail directly before the wind, but always at an angle, and there is so little friction that the forward impetus received from every thrust of wind against its sails does not go to simply maintain the rate of speed, but to increase it.

Lake Minnetonka and Lake Geneva are also known to have their regular winter visitors who have reduced frozen-lakemanship to a science. Ice-boating is common on the northern Mississippi, while on the Hudson the ice-boaters race the New York Central trains every day. In good winds the boats win.

AL VERDO.

This is an Italian game meaning "the green." The children meet on the playground, each one holding a piece of cauliflower leaf, and all enter into a solemn agreement to "play fair." After that day, whenever two or more of them meet, they shout "Verdo!" and must each show a piece of cauliflower leaf. If a leaf looks suspiciously dry it is taken from its owner and tried on a wall;

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if it leaves no green mark, its owner has to pay a curious forfeit. At Easter he must bring to the other a Colombina (a dove) made by the bakers, with a dyed egg in the middle of it. One little girl had to pay several of these forfeits, because she called out "Verdo!" many times, and when it came time to produce the cauliflower leaf found that she had left it in her other dress pocket.

DUCKS AND DRAKES.

In this old-world game the player takes a flat stone or piece of slate or earthenware, and casts it along the surface of a pool. The greater his dexterity, the greater number of times will the missile, as it travels, rebound from the water. The formula is:

"A duck and a drake, a nice barley cake,
With a penny to pay the baker,
A hop and a scotch is another notch,
Slitherum, slatherum, take her!"

Played in another way, the "duck" is a large stone supporting a smaller one called the drake. The children playing endeavor to knock off the drake by flinging a stone at it, called the duck-stone, crying at the same time,

"A duck and a drake, and a white penny cake,
And a penny to pay the baker."

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"Duck on the Rock," a game played in New England in my own school days, was doubtless a variation of the one above described, or of the following one, both of which are said to have been common in London more than a half-century ago:

One player places his duck on a brick or larger stone, or in a hole, and the others try to knock it off or out. Should a player miss he must be careful in picking up his stone again, lest the sentry "tick" (touch) him before he can return to the mark from which the stones are thrown. Should he be touched, he must replace the other as sentry, and place his own duck to be thrown at. If the duck be displaced the players may pick up their stones at their leisure, for no one may be "ticked" until the duck is replaced by its owner in proper position.

A "WINTER-JOKE" WALK.

Go out for a long walk some bright, crisp day in February, when the sunshine whispers jolly messages of Spring's approach, not so very far away; and as you walk, search out the dainty little bell-like blossoms peeping above the snow, called by the Danes the "Vinter-Gjaeks," or "winter-jokes." We call them snowdrops; but they are, indeed, merry little "winter-jokes," because,

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sent by Winter to herald Spring's coming, they roguishly hoax people into thinking, long before the time, that Winter has gone.

It used to be the custom in Denmark, when these early pet blossoms appeared, to gather and send them in valentines, with verses signed by just as many pin-pricks as there were letters in the sender's name. If the one who received the valentine could not guess from whom it came, he or she was "gjaekket," or fooled, and at Easter must pay a playful penalty by carrying to the sender a present of colored eggs.

Here are three of the Danes' little Vinter-Gjaek verses:

I.

Though a child of Winter's cold and storm,
Yet I bring to you love-greetings warm.

From whom? Ah, yes,
That you shall guess!

And, that you may the sender surely know,
Count all the little pin-pricks signed below.

.....

2.

Little maiden, fair and neat,
Here on stalk so light,
Fine as silk by fairies spun,
Hangs a snowdrop white.
From a friend I come,—
Tell me now—from whom?

.....

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3.

Farewell to Winter! now farewell—
We snowbells ring his dying knell.
And had you but a fine, fine ear,
That could our fairy chiming hear,
Then should you know which friend so true
Has sent this Vinter-Gjaek to you;
For ever softly do I ring
The name of him whose love I bring.

.....

CARNIVAL OF THE SEASONS.

The carnival should be held in the early Fall, when foliage is still to be had to represent Spring and Summer, but not too early for fruit for the Fall booth, together with Autumn leaves, pumpkins, corn husks, etc.

The Spring booth should have all the tender green stuff available for decorations; apple boughs with pink and white tissue paper flowers to represent the blossoms; possibly a fun-making frog-pond instead of the old-time fishing-pond, each tissue-paper frog to contain a gift worth the full amount paid for opportunity of choice. Only young girls, daintily dressed, should care for this Spring booth.

Summer will suggest itself with a wealth of flowers; canned Summer berries and evaporated

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fruits of the Summer order would be in place; and the booth should be presided over by matrons. A miniature haystack with hidden needles to be extracted by means of a magnet would afford a bit of fun. A sub-department with Summer vegetables for sale might be profitable.

In the Fall booth, as previously suggested, should be all kinds of Autumn fruits, pumpkins, etc., with cornhusks and Autumn leaves for decorations. There could be a nut sale also.

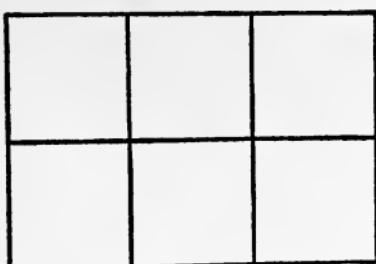
The Winter booth could be decorated with cotton batting, sprinkled with diamond dust. An open fireplace with big logs might be simulated; apples, popcorn balls and other things suggestive of Winter should be sold. In this booth none but gray-haired matrons should preside. An old-fashioned candy-pull could be carried on in one corner at so much a head for the privilege of sharing labor and spoils.

GAME OF MAGIC SQUARE.

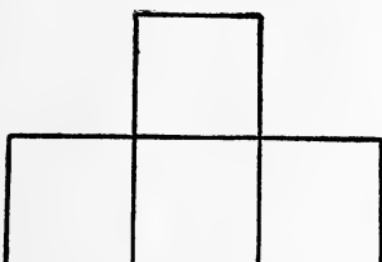
Take seventeen straight sticks, of equal length, perhaps three feet long. Lay them on the grass or ground so as to make a figure like No. 1.

Then, while someone counts twenty, a player rapidly walks (or runs) around this "magic square" and tries to remove five of the sticks in

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such a way as to leave three perfect squares. This seems simple enough, as shown in No. 2; but not



everyone can solve the puzzle in so hurried a trip, and frequently several players have to try before the correct method dawns upon anyone. Even then agility is necessary. If the sticks and consequently the figure proves to be of such a size that counting twenty gives too much time, or not enough, a different number may be chosen, the one familiar with the game privately testing in advance to see how long it takes to go around, allowing for spasmodic "grabs" at the sticks as the runner proceeds.

As this is really more of a puzzle than a game, the one familiar with it should of course not allow himself any part in the game except as manager.

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SNOW FORTS.

Eight boys of the real, genuine kind were they—the kind to whom snow appeals as a new sort of world-stuff, all ready for an artist builder's great achievements or a general's stirring battles. When I passed them first they were rolling the snow into huge balls and gradually collecting them into a piled-up wall that began to take circular form. But when I returned they had their fort all built, and the former architects were now dauntless soldiers, eager for the fray. Four were inside of the fort, with snowball bullets flying vigorously through the air in the direction of the enemy outside, while from the determined eyes of all flashed fire that, had there only been time, would have melted the snow.

The aforesaid enemy, consisting of the other four boys, were equally vigorous in their attacks on the walls of the fort. Again and again they advanced, only to be beaten back. At the risk of having my new hat decorated with the snowy missiles, I had to stop and watch them. Two of the besiegers crept near and tried to tear a hole in the fort, while the other two kept up the firing from a distance. Inside the defenders hurriedly patched the broken places as fast as made, sending the white bullets thick and fast and occasionally "washing the face" of a too daring besieger. Finally, the store of ammunition inside the fort

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was nearly exhausted. I think the besieging party would have won—but, alas for them! just then the school-bell rang!

GAME OF RED-LINE.

A goal is chosen which must be in a straight line, as the edge of the sidewalk or street. From this goal, which is called the red-line, a child who has been chosen “it” starts and, crying “Red-line!” runs after any of the other players until he has touched one. Then, with the one he has touched, he returns to the goal. These two, clasping hands, start out again and touch someone else. Then these three return to the goal and, in a line with hands clasped, try to touch another player. When four, or an even number, are in the goal, they may go two by two, but when there is an odd number they must all run together in one long line.

So it continues until all are caught. Then the game is begun again, the first one caught in the last game playing “it” in the new game.

WINTER SPORTS OF SWEDEN.

Besides the yachting, which is one of the popular national sports, the most frequent outdoor amusements of the Swedish Winter are “skee-

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ing," or skimming over the snow on snowshoes, and skating.

In the country districts men and women alike are skilled in the use of snowshoes. They are trained to it from childhood, and there is no more vigorous or exciting exercise. Boys and girls, as soon as they are old enough to skate, put on skees of a suitable size and are quite as agile and daring as the older people. It requires nerve, skill and muscular strength to skee well, and persons who have never tried it find much difficulty in managing the queer footwear. Skillful "skeers" can make a mile in two minutes, and the jumping record is seventy feet.

Skating also is a pastime indulged in by all classes in Sweden. In the cities rinks are equipped with music and many attractions. In Stockholm there is a general skating club, with a rink accommodating 6,000 skaters, and the popular fetes given there at intervals during the Winter are attended by the royal family and regarded as important social occasions. On the numerous lakes hundreds of people will gather as early as four o'clock in the afternoon—for it gets dark then—and spend the entire night skating by moonlight. Fires are built in convenient places, both for the crowd and for small individual parties, who bring luncheon with them and have a picnic in the snow at midnight. How they feel

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the next day is not recorded! but the Swedes are a robust people, and play as vigorously as they work. National and international skating contests are held in various parts of the country, and the winners in the local tournaments, both for speed and fancy skating, are sent to Stockholm to compete for the grand prizes with the best skaters of Norway, Denmark, Russia and Northern Germany.

An ice carnival held one bright midwinter day in Douglas Park, Chicago, was no doubt similar to those of frequent occurrence in Sweden. The condition of the ice was perfect, the pond being as smooth as a board. As the large crowd glided hither and thither to the music of the United States Junior Band, keeping perfect time to its rhythm, the scene was most picturesque. In the course of the afternoon a skating contest was held, with an exhibition of fancy skating by a winner of many medals in Switzerland, who showed the admiring crowd some new evolutions and was cheered roundly for his graceful cleverness. Another, a famous Swedish skater, also performed some astonishing feats. Douglas Park has been the scene as well of a masque carnival on the ice, and altogether Chicago bids fair to rival even Stockholm in her fondness for the sport when the ice is in condition.

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CHECKER LEAPFROG.

The following curious game must be a fun-producing one:

Taking a hint from the rajah in Hindostan, find a level field and lay it out like a checkerboard, in sixty-four three-foot squares. Place a stone in each square which is not to be used. Have a Checker Picnic and turn boys into checkers. Let three people on a side, boys and girls equally, do the actual playing; that is, stand on boxes piled one on top of the other and order their players where to move. When a jump is made, the proper "piece" should leap over the piece he is capturing. Pieces not in use should seat themselves at the ends of the board.

IN BUBBLETOWN.

Out in the shade of the young maple trees,
Kissed by the sun-glints and fanned by the
breeze,

Treasures there were that a king might enjoy,
Well might he envy each small girl and boy.

Dainty white bowls in a prim little row,
Can you imagine them long staying so?
Seven—just one for each wee, roguish elf,
Even the baby could reach for himself.

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What were the treasures? Ah, that you must
guess!

Glittering jewels—most frail, I confess—
Spheres full of brightness, that grow and expand,
Worlds strangely peopled, as large as your hand!

Rainbow-hued balls, that dance lightly away,
Sparkling with fun and the charm of the play,
Tempting each frolicsome child to a chase,
Leaving all else for the fairy-like race!

Now in the air one will dreamily float,
Sailing away like a magical boat,
Now, in a chain, for a moment appear
Thrice intermingled, these gems crystal-clear.

What if one air-castle vanish away?
Children are wiser than we in their play,
Build they another, their fancy to please,
Kissed by the sunlight and fanned by the breeze.

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Fig. 1.



Fig. 2

FLOWER DRILL.

For Small Children.

The stage for this drill, unless it can be given out of doors, should be decorated to represent the woods in summer.

At the rear of the stage Jack-in-the-Pulpit should stand in his pulpit, and give commands.

Jack should be dressed something like a sprite in white tights, and have long, pointed ears and sylph-like wings.

The pulpit should represent the flower "Jack-

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in-the-Pulpit." This should be constructed of white and green tissue paper over a wire or light wood frame. It should stand at rear of stage as shown in A. Jack should be stooping down in the flower, then stand up, look around, and then sigh. On seeing no one he should say: "Oh, my! (sighing again) I am so lonesome since the fairies have all gone away. I believe I will call the flowers and leaves, and have some sport with them." He blows a small whistle which should be concealed in a trumpet flower, whereupon the music begins, and an equal number of boys and girls skip in, dressed to represent flowers and leaves. Each little girl should be dressed to represent a different flower, her skirt being made of the petals as shown in Fig. 2, and carrying a garland of the flower she represents. Each girl should be accompanied by a boy dressed in green tights, and sandals, and carrying a garland of leaves (Fig. 1.) The flowers and garlands can be made of paper.

When Jack blows his whistle the flowers and leaves skip in with arms down at side (Fig. 1), and follow lines as shown in A, girls on left and boys on right. The stage should be laid off as shown in diagrams to prevent mistakes in marching.

When the leader reaches the lines R and L they should all turn and bow, the girls curtsey, to

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Jack, saying: "Good day, Master Jack-in-the-Pulpit," who should bow in return, and throw kisses to the girls. They then turn to the front and begin fancy step, following lines R and L in A. Extend inside foot (foot towards partner), and touch toe to floor, raise inside arm diagonally up inside, outside arm across body, first count; place foot flat on floor, and bring rear beside it, arms straight forward to front, and then straight beside head, second count.

Repeat this to opposite side and continue alternating until the front line is reached, when the skip step is resumed. They follow lines shown by arrows and come down lines R and L from rear in B, with same fancy step. They begin the fancy step on command, "Fancy step, March!" from Master Jack. "Fancy step," being the preparatory command, should be given some time before the executive command, "March." The skip step should begin to slow up on the first command so that they change smoothly in the fancy step on command "March!"

On reaching the front line in B, they turn by twos, first couple turning to right on front line and next to left; they continue alternating in this manner and continue touch step with inside arm held up in same position as in previous fancy step, only grasping partner's hand.

When the first couples reach the cross line (F.

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S. in C) Jack gives the command, "Change!" They let go hands, and as the outside foot is pointed to the floor the arms are reversed, third count; hold, fourth count (the touch step is the same as before); repeat same to inside, fifth count, and sixth count; repeat same to outside, seventh and eighth counts. When the first couple reach the front line Jack gives command, "Company Halt!" All should halt at the same time, keeping the regulation distance of a little more than arm's length from the one in front, which should be retained all through the drill.

After they have halted and brought heels together, this series of exercises is begun:

I.

Those on center lines turn back to back. Those on outside lines turn facing center. All turn together on command from Jack, "Face! March!"

All charge forward with right foot, both arms straight forward shoulder high, first count; let go right ends of garlands, second count; grasp end of partner's garland in left hand, third count; bring forward foot back beside rear foot, straightening knee and arms down at side, fourth count.

II.

Arms towards rear of stage straight forward and beside head, first count; reverse arms, second

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count; reverse, third count; arms down at side, fourth count.

III.

All right arms up shoulder high to front and beside head, first count; reverse position, second count; reverse, third count; all arms down at side, fourth count.

IV.

All left arms straight forward and beside head, first to fourth counts.

V.

Repeat II. first to fourth counts with arms towards front of stage.

VI.

All arms toward rear of stage straight beside head as before; all arms towards front of stage shoulder high at side, first count; reverse, second count; reverse, third count; arms down at side, fourth count.

Repeat beginning opposite arms, first to fourth counts.

VII.

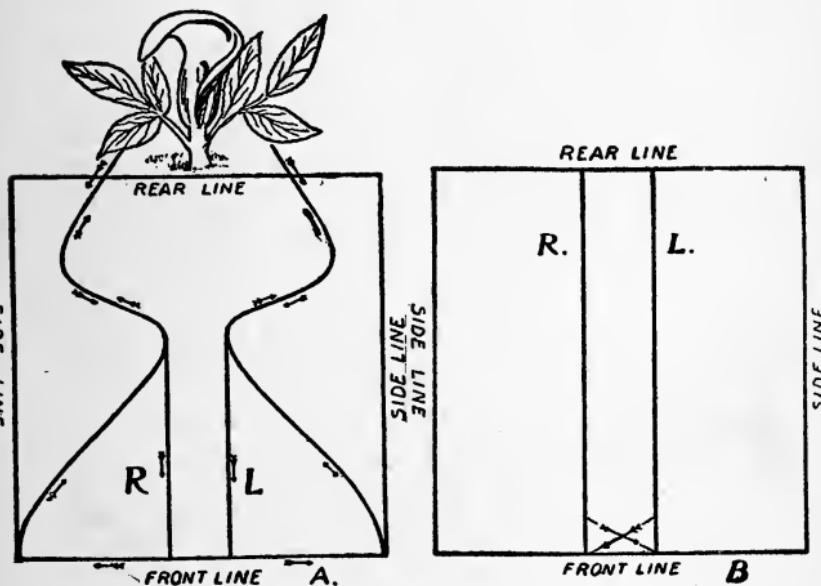
Both arms shoulder high to front and charge straight forward with right foot, first count; let go partner's garland, second count; grasp end of own garland, third count; bring heels together and arms down at side, fourth count.

Arms straight beside head, signal. Drop gar-

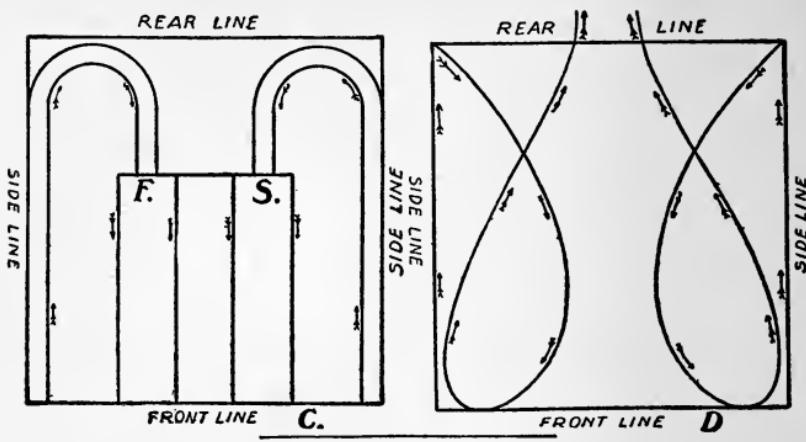
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land around neck as a boa and place hands on hips, second signal. Turn facing front, third signal.

Command from Jack, "Company, Forward March!" They march, turning right and left by twos on reaching front line. On reaching rear line they grasp partner's hand, keeping outside hand on hip and resume the skip step. They follow lines as shown in D, and exit by twos.



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PIC-PEG-PIN.

A great game for hilarious fun is this of Pic-Peg-Pin, and will be enjoyed by boys and girls of all ages from six to ninety. Take nine sticks two feet long, sharpened at one end; put the pointed ends in the ground, forming a diamond, with each peg two feet from its nearest neighbors, and make a taw line about twenty feet from the nearest point of the diamond.

All the women and girl players form one side, and the men and boys the other. The boys choose a First Lady, who is to lead their opponents, and the girls choose a First Gentleman, who commands the men. Supplied with three short clubs, the First Lady toes the taw line, and in three successive throws tries to knock down all the pegs. Her score is recorded, the pegs reset and the First Gentleman takes his turn with the clubs. When all have had a turn the individual

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scores are compared, and the right arm of each man or boy is bound with a handkerchief to the left arm of the woman or girl whose score most nearly approaches his own; then the First Lady and First Gentleman choose up for sides, each taking a couple at each choice.

In the order of their score number the couples now take their turn pitching clubs at the pegs, the man of necessity using his left hand and the girl her right in throwing the clubs, which they do simultaneously.

The scores are again compared and the couples bound into fours, then the fours into sixes, etc., until each side is bound into a continuous line with only the left hand of the end man and the right hand of the end girl to pitch with and make the final score.

A LAWN "GYPSY CAMP."

Dotted about on the spacious lawn were eight small canvas tents, and as the occasion was intended to help in raising funds for the new library building, the tents contained attractive displays of various kinds calculated to bring forth the shekels. One was a refreshment bazaar, one a fancy-work tent; in one, labeled "Sweets for the Sweets," flowers and confectionery were com-

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bined. A fourth was devoted to guessing contests, which in that locality were very popular. These included, for example, How many beans in a certain pint jar? How many seeds came from a given pumpkin? How many seeds from a certain dozen lemons? with a prize for the best Yankee guesser. Another tent contained bric-a-brac, another, stationery and games; and in one were exhibited artistic groups and mountains of the proposed library books and periodicals. Each was visited in turn by the interested guests, whose patronage was not disappointing, and when they reached the central tent, where was an amateur but quick-witted "palmist" in gypsy costume, few could resist having their fortunes told and being more or less impressed by the aptness or absurdity, as the case might be, of the predictions. The gypsy costumes could be multiplied, in an occasion of this kind, to as great an extent as desired.

ROOF-GARDENS.

Away across the seas and back through the centuries, a curious thing was done. It was in France, in the time of the great emperor Charlemagne, that one summer after a long war, the housetops suddenly bloomed out into gardens.

They were vegetable gardens, it is true, but

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picturesque enough for all that. It was done by command of the emperor, who saw that crops must be grown quickly, or a famine would be added to the other disastrous effects of the war; so he ordered that every household should plant gardens, and even gave minute instructions where, and what seeds to plant.

As the houses were built mostly with thatched roofs, it was only necessary to make little holes in the thatch, plant the seeds or seedlings, and leave them to the sun and rain. The earth in the thatch was soil sufficient, and while the ruined vineyards and orchards were being gradually replaced, the roof-gardens yielded quick results that kept the people from starving. Even to-day one may often see in Europe thatched roofs gay with flowers, or covered with grass on which a goat may be seen feeding.

It is only of late that America has taken the hint and improved on the primitive custom so that many cramped dwellers in cities have been kept from mental and spiritual starvation by the sunshine, better air, and delight to the eyes afforded by the modern roof-gardens planned by some of the college settlements. The large flat roofs of the most unattractive piles of brick and stone have been made to blossom into beauty. Potted plants and boxes full of growing things are placed around the edges, and in the center is

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room for seats, and various pleasant, restful contrivances for the toilers, not forgetting a chance for the children's playthings. A glimpse of the happy faces at the Philadelphia Settlements roof-garden will convince all of its value; and an idea as to its varied uses may be gathered from a few words quoted from one most familiar with the workings of the plan:

"The Roof-Garden has been in constant use. English classes meeting there found mental exercise far easier on the hot nights, dramatic rehearsals took a new vigor, business meetings of clubs cooled to a temperature below the wrangling point, the attendance at evening parties and the quiet hours of gardening, locally known as "planting," in which individuals and small groups among the children were allowed to assist, were full of pleasure."

If this taste for gardening could be cultivated as generally among the children of our own land as in Germany and Sweden, we should be the gainers. In the latter country the school gardens have been remarkably successful. There the children are taught the best methods of gardening and a general knowledge of the cultivation of fruits, vegetables, trees, flowers and medicinal plants, so that every boy and girl at the age of fifteen is supposed to be able to conduct a garden in an intelligent manner. On cer-

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tain days of the year each child is provided with seedlings and garden seeds to be planted at their own homes, and the teacher is expected to encourage them by exciting a rivalry among the scholars to see who can produce the best results.

Our own Arbor Day, and the Nature Study now being taught in our schools, are steps in the right direction, but the Roof-Gardens afford perhaps the best opportunity yet devised for bringing, in some degree, a little piece of the country into the experience of those who need it most.

MY FATHER AND MOTHER WERE IRISH.

Circling around in a ring, with one player in the center, the children sing the song, and at the words "We put the pig in the parlor," the player in the center chooses one from the circle to keep him company. Again at the words, "I bought me a fiddle for fifteen cents," this player newly placed in the center chooses another; and that one, in turn, makes a choice at the words, "We put the sheep in the kettle." Finally, at the words, "And that was Irish stew," the circle breaks up, as each of the four players in the center makes a dash at someone, who tries to escape, and the play is merged into a grand four-fold game of tag.

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

The song is familiar to almost everyone, both as to words and music. Following is the usual wording:

My father and mother were Irish,
My father and mother were Irish,
My father and mother were Irish,
And I am Irish, too.

We put the pig in the parlor,
We put the pig in the parlor,
We put the pig in the parlor,
And that was Irish, too.

I bought me a fiddle for fifteen cents,
I bought me a fiddle for fifteen cents,
I bought me a fiddle for fifteen cents,
And that was Irish, too.

We put the sheep in the kettle,
We put the sheep in the kettle,
With praties and carrots and onions,
And that was Irish stew!

“SUGARING OFF.”

That is what it used to be called by those fortunate ones whose homes were near groves of sugar maples, and who, early each spring, managed to stir a little sweetness into the dull round of farm work, by a grand excursion to the sugar camp.

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Even this was work, to be sure, but what fun the children found in it!

To those unfamiliar with such scenes, the trees present a curious sight, with the sap dripping from them into pans set underneath. The trees have been "tapped," and the sap, thus set free, slowly trickles into the pans. Without waiting for them to become full, a man goes from one to another with a large pail, gathering up what has collected and emptying it into a huge kettle supported gypsy fashion over a fire. Usually this cooking is done in the open air, but sometimes a rough shanty is built as a partial protection, called the "sugar-house." The process of boiling down is an interesting one. The sap becomes gradually a thick syrup, and then it is time for the dishes and spoons to come into play, for a great deal of tasting is necessary; in fact, the more children happen to be present the more necessary it becomes!

The amount of stirring in the kettle depends upon the result desired. It may be stirred only enough to keep it from burning, and when cooked sufficiently, poured into moulds to cool as solid brown bricks or cakes; or it may be stirred until it "grains," a light brown, soft, sugary mass; or it may be poured out while still thin enough to remain in the syrup form. In any case, the important part, to the children, is not the stirring

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in the kettle, but in their individual dishes. A small quantity of syrup, if rapidly stirred at the right time, while cooling, will produce a creamy confection rivalling any candy, and this is what the children most appreciate. A saucerful is dealt out to each, and they work with a will, each trying to produce the whitest, most creamy falls. As I remember hearing one grown-up boy say, with a vivid recollection of his own stirring times —stirring in every sense of the word: “Maple sugar is the sweetest sweet that ever was sweetened. Honey cannot compare with it.”

PRINCESS TIPTOE.

Standing in a line, the children preserve perfect silence, while the leader says in an impressive whisper:

“Hark, here comes the Princess Tiptoe.”

“Where?” asks the next player, also in a whisper.

“Here,” answers the first one, and leaves the line to appoint two of the players as “guards,” and then walks away on tiptoe.

The whole line, excepting the guards, follow in single file, also on tiptoe, the leader gradually increasing her speed until all are running, but still on tiptoe. Any player discovered by the guards touching the ground flatfooted is “sent

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to prison," which is some chosen corner of the playground, and the last one left on tiptoe is declared the new Princess, when the game begins as before.

WAR CANOE RACE.

A fleet of Indian war canoes, just such as Champlain traveled in three centuries ago, make a fascinating sight when engaged in a hotly-contested race. Such a race was a part of the program of entertainment when the Duke and Duchess of York were in Ottawa, Ontario; but there are numberless small boys and girls, yes, and large ones too, who would enjoy such an occasion quite as well as royalty itself.

Of course, one must actually travel in a canoe to appreciate it fully. Before the race, the canoes were made comfortable with buffalo skins spread over the seats, and the visitors occupied them with much satisfaction, as, manned by Indians in the brilliant costumes of voyageurs, they passed down the Ottawa side of the river, and stopped at Rockcliffe, at the club-house of the Ottawa Canoe Club. Landing here, the visitors remained to watch the race, which started at Kettle Island, half a mile below, and finished just opposite the club-house.

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It was a race for the championship of Canada. Seven crews competed, thirteen in each crew, and as the dripping paddles rose and fell, glistening in the sun, the boats were indeed a beautiful sight. The race was a close one, the fortunate canoe winning by only three feet. At the finish all the canoes were drawn up in line and the crews cheered lustily, waving their paddles in the air.

A GIRL'S CAMPING OUTFIT.

"Camping out" has become so much the fashion of late that the following advice by an experienced camper will be welcomed by the many women and girls who are wondering what to take with them as preparation for such an outing:

The sensible woman who decides to camp out should dispense with all the superfluities. She should get right back to first principles, and make the outing as complete a change as possible in every way. It does not matter whether the camp is to be in the mountains or woods or on the sea-shore, she should reduce her personal outfit to a minimum. This not only for economy's sake, but for comfort. The outing should be improved in every particular, and there is no common sense in trying to have things for show. Dainty mus-

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lin gowns are as much out of place in a tent as an elephant would be in a parlor.

The first requisite to be thought about is shirt waists. Nice plain shirt waists of light weight flannel and dark in color. Two of these, with two or three cotton ones, also dark in color, for very hot days, should carry a camper through at least two weeks under canvas. The golf skirt settles the skirt question quite satisfactorily. Two short skirts of dark linen, either in blue or brown, would be ample for wear with the cotton shirt waists. No white petticoats should be carried, but three dark washable skirts, which may be dropped into the tub without any thought.

For shoes, the golf shoes are the best, while a pair of rubber boots should be added—the latter for wading and for rainy days in the woods. Don't take an umbrella or a parasol. Take two old straw sailors and a mackintosh instead, and let the rain come down on them. One suit of heavy flannel underwear is a necessity, while a sweater will be convenient for cool mornings and evenings. A golf cape is desirable, to use for a rug if for nothing else. A soft hat of cotton or wool, with a stitched brim, is better than a cap for everyday wear, as it is cool and shades the cheeks as well as the eyes. The old sailors are for rainy days only, remember. Now all of these things will cost but a trifle, for as a rule the last year's shirt waists may be impressed into service

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for the cottons, and a couple of winter ones, cleaned and pressed, for the thicker ones. If sales are watched a very good pair of golf shoes may be bought for \$1.50 and a pair of rubber boots for the same, or even less. A golf skirt would cost about \$4.50, and a mackintosh the same.

But the dress for camping, while it is important, is not all that a girl has to consider. There are many minor points known to the seasoned camper that a novice would do well to grasp. These include tent accessories that help to make a cozy interior. The trunk in which the wardrobe is carried should have a flat top, one that may be utilized as a dressing table. A simple cover of cretonne, which may easily be removed when the trunk is opened, may be made at home, and the dressing table covered without delay. If the tent is large enough to bear being divided, shutting the cots from view, it would be well to take along flowered cotton curtains for the purpose. These may be strung on stout cord, which should be run in a wide piece turned down from the top. Should the tent be too small for this, the cots may be covered with rugs or whatever is most convenient. There should be at least one pair of heavy blankets, dark in color, and cushions, as many as one can afford. These should be covered with washable cretonnes or denim, so that they may be used without any worry about ruining them.

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The bathing suit of mohair may be home-made, thus reducing the cost materially. Flannel is considered much less desirable than the mohairs and the expense is greater.

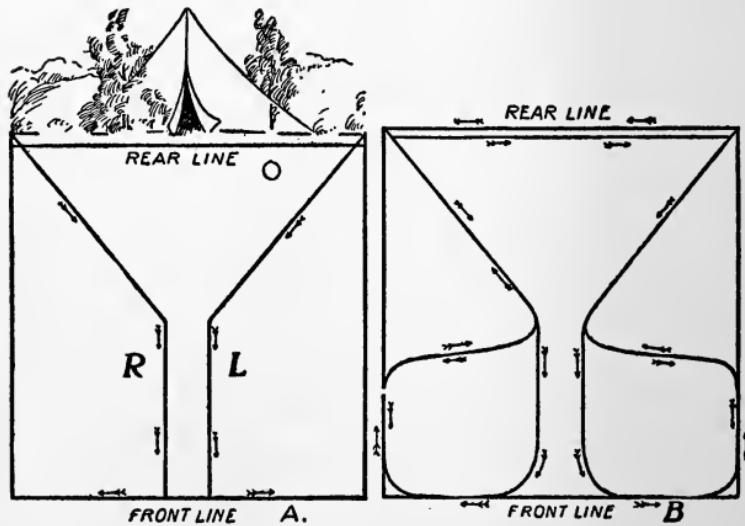
A suggestion for a camp refrigerator is to have a barrel sunk into the ground a convenient distance from the tent. In this the supplies for the chafing dish should be kept; the canned things that have been opened and the condensed milk.

Some teacups but no saucers, and an oil stove are necessities which may be had for a trifle, and there should be tea, coffee, cocoa and lemons for variety in drinkables. The bicycle lamp which has ceased to do its original duty makes a capital tent light, and may be fitted to the tent pole as easily as it was once fastened to the front of a wheel. For extra light to be carried about an ordinary tin candlestick with a candle and a glass lamp chimney will be found a great convenience. A half-dozen of these would be useful and might be easily carried. Of course teacups and cretonne curtains and refrigerators go hand in hand with camping out in civilized fashion. When a girl goes in for life in a hunting camp and really roughing it she takes but one golf skirt, two flannel waists, a single Tam cap, a thick jacket, the golf shoes and rubber boots. Her other needfuls she folds into a dress suit case or a telescope, and

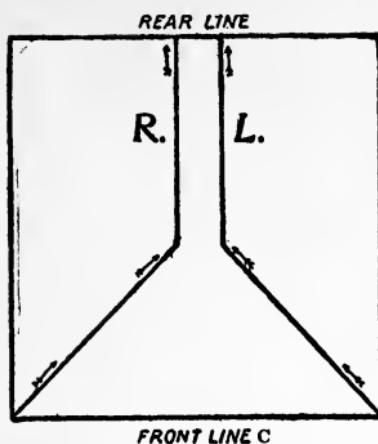
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in every particular declines to compromise between town life and camp life. The bed of boughs is good enough then, and she goes to bed so early that the flames of the camp fire over which the game has been cooked are sufficient to light up the tent. Even in camping there are degrees, and a woman should consider well the fashion of the outing she is planning before getting the wardrobe for it.

GYPSY DRILL.



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This drill should be given if possible on a lawn, the portion of which to be used should be laid off as shown in diagrams—with lime or other material.

At rear, as shown in A, a tent should be erected and a large pot should hang on a tripod near by. The scene should be made to represent as nearly as possible that of a gypsy camp.

An old gypsy woman should appear on the scene from the tent, poke the fire under the pot (which should be logs with red cloth or paper stuck in among them to represent fire) and stir the contents of the pot, after which she should remark, looking around: "I wonder where the children are. Oh, children, children!" (Calling.)

There should be an even number of boys and girls dressed in bright gypsy costumes, who should run in from behind bushes (or screens

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made of branches and flowers) and, follow lines as shown in A, beating their tambourines, which should be tied with bright ribbons to match costumes. The boys should be dressed alike and the girls' costumes should be alike. They follow lines in A, running to music and beating their tambourines, turn on front line and then to rear again as shown by arrows, then on diagonal lines. When leaders reach R. and L., shown by cross marks, the old woman should give the command, "Company, Halt!" All should halt at same time, keeping the regulation distance from the one in front, which should be twenty inches. In order to do this the command should be given while either foot is in advance, then bring the rear foot up beside the one in advance, letting heels sink at same time and arms are brought down at side.

The gypsy woman now goes to front of stage and makes this little speech:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I thank you for coming to see an old woman like me. We will try to make you enjoy your visit. First, the children will drill for love to show off. Then we will have something to eat which I have on cooking. (Points to the pot.) I will also tell the fortunes of those who wish me to." (Holding up a pack of cards.)

She then turns to the children and gives the

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command, "Forward, March!" The music should begin and the children do this fancy step with arm movements. Swing inside arm curved over head, holding tambourine in inside hand and advance inside foot (keeping knee straight) diagonally forward to inside and touch toe to floor, first count; swing inside arm out at side and down and hit tambourine with outside hand, second count; grasp tambourine in outside hand and swing outside arm curved over head and advance outside foot (after placing inside foot flat on floor and changing weight to it) and touch toe to floor, third count; swing outside arm out at side and down and hit tambourine with inside hand, fourth count. Continue this, advancing and follow lines in B. as shown by arrows. When leaders reach the lines R. and L. in going to rear the command is given, "Direct Step, March!" and the music should begin to a common march. The march should be begun by all at the same time, the same as in halting, and all place hands on hips. On reaching the rear they cross to opposite side as shown by arrows and come down diagonal lines again with "Swing Cross Step," hands still on hips.

Advance inside foot diagonally inside and place on floor, first count; change weight to it and swing outside leg in front of it, keeping knee straight and toe turned out, second count; swing outside leg back to outside and place foot on

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oor diagonally forward to outside, third count; change weight to outside foot and swing inside leg across in front of outside, fourth count. Continue this step, which should be rather quick, and come down lines R. and L. in B. On reaching ends of front line the "Skip Step" familiar to all children should be begun. They skip on lines shown in C. and exit by twos. They soon appear again from the tent with small tin plates of cake and tissue paper napkins, also little fancy tin cups which the old woman fills from the pot. (This can be an ice or lemonade.) The children now distribute these among the guests, giving to each a plate, napkin, cup and spoon, if necessary. The cups should be decorated with gypsy scenes and can be carried home as souvenirs. After this drill there should be a splendid opportunity for any specialties to be introduced into the entertainment in the way of songs, recitations, dancing or playing on stringed instruments, but those participating should be dressed in gypsy costumes and should be announced in the old woman's speech in the beginning.

TOBOGGANNING.

Tobogganning is one of the rare exhilarating outdoor sports of our own Northwest, and is also indulged in to a large extent in the northeastern

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portion of the Dominion of Canada—notably in and around Montreal.

It is difficult to give a pen picture of this health-giving, life-prolonging pastime that will adequately describe it.

In places where, from natural surroundings, a slide must be constructed in order to engage in the sport, a clear spot is selected and a platform built to a height of fifty or more feet. This platform is made sufficiently large and strong to hold many persons. A chute is then constructed at an angle of some forty-five degrees, reaching to within a few feet of the ground, when it is made to slope gradually off till it is a channel with a gentle downward fall. This channel or chute is from four to six feet wide. The platform and chute built, a cold spell is looked for. When it arrives, a good hose is attached to a hydrant and the whole course liberally sprinkled with water till ice has formed to a thickness sufficient to make a good sliding surface. Then the time is ripe for you to proceed with your toboggan.

These vehicles are of divers sizes and patterns. Some "speedy," with glistening steel running-surfaces securely attached to the bottom, while others are of the "slow" type (fast enough for a novice, I assure you). Some will hold but one, while others are made to carry from four to six persons, and some even more than that.

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Draw your toboggan to the top of the platform, place it at the edge overlooking the chute, get on your load, and when all are ready a tipping apparatus launches you down the steep incline at the speed of a rocket. If it is your first trip your teeth will be chattering, your hair stand on end, your hands tightly clutching the guard rails or ropes at your sides, and you are momentarily fearing that this rash act is to be your last. But you speed away—down, down, down till you reach the lesser incline, with a wild bound as though you were riding a thing of life bent upon your destruction in its mad race to the end of the course. To check your momentum a small mountain of snow has been piled up where you are intended to stop, and up this you go still at a lively pace, which is soon checked, however, by the abrupt decline. Your onward rush checked, you slide back a short distance, perhaps roll over, mixed up with your companions in a promiscuous heap, from which you must extricate yourself with celerity, for you hear the shouts of warning from a bevy following you, and, quick as you may, the jolly, rollicking, rosy-cheeked occupants of the next toboggan are upon you.

The most exhilarating slides, however, are in hilly sections where nature has given you a succession of steep terraces down which to plunge, with a safe ending somewhere not too far away.

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A steep, tortuous course affords the wildest ride of all. The ever-present element of danger in it adds to the enjoyment of the expert a hundred-fold.

MALLET GOLF AND HOCKEY GOLF.

To play mallet or hockey golf you do not need miles of fields, just a yard. It may be a large yard or a small yard, a front yard or a back yard, a yard bristling with trees or clothespoles, a grassy yard, or a stony yard. First about mallet golf.

You will use a croquet set, which costs from \$1.50 upwards. Find tin cans large enough to hold a croquet ball and sink them neatly at long and short distances from each other, according to your fancy. Of course a number of the holes should be far apart from each other. If your yard is large you may want as many as twenty-five holes altogether. They should form an irregular circle, the first hole being "home" as well. A red flag should be set up close to each hole to show its position. Between the holes, as near or as far from them as you please, plant croquet wickets and stakes. Tie a bit of red cloth to the top of each wicket, and paint the stakes red. At other places along the course heap up bunkers of earth or stone, and dig trenches. You

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might even sink an old tub and keep it filled with water. About half the distance of the links a square yard of ground should be plainly marked out by four corner clothespins, colored red. After you have laid out your course, you should carefully note down in the right order what obstacles —bunkers, pond, wickets, stakes, square yard, etc.—the ball must meet with on the way around.

The object of the game, as you might suppose, is to reach the home hole in the fewest possible number of mallet strokes, so each player should keep his own score very carefully on a card. The game is begun by a player setting his ball as close as possible to the edge of the first hole, and knocking towards the second. The mallet may be held in one hand or two hands, and may have a long or a short handle. If a player misses his stroke altogether, he may try again, but if he touches the ball, however lightly, the stroke counts. He must successfully meet every one of the obstacles. The ball must be knocked through a wicket in the direction of the hole. If the ball is knocked into a trench or pond, instead of across it, the player may, if he pleases, shove the ball out with the stick end of his mallet, every into the square yard of poisoned ground adds into the square yard of poisoned ground adds two strokes to one's score. Should you not be sure whether a ball is within the poison boundaries, stretch a string from clothespin to

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clothespin. If the ball is inside the string, even if it barely touches it, the ball is poisoned. A player knocking his ball against the ball of another player is entitled to a free stroke—a stroke that does not count on his score. It is a good thing to have an umpire around when you are playing mallet or hockey golf; if you have a tournament, there must be an umpire by all means. Every time a player breaks a rule a stroke must be added to his score.

Hockey golf is played like mallet golf, except that a hard rubber ball and a hockey stick are used in place of a wooden ball and a mallet.

Expert players should own several sizes and weights of mallets and hockey sticks. There are mallets with long heads and short handles, and short heads and long handles; and light-weight polo sticks may be used for careful knocks at short distances.

These games can be played by little boys and girls and big boys and girls, when they are alone, and when they are together.

TEN-STEP.

This is another variation of hide-and-seek. After the usual counting out, the one who is "it" stands with his back to the rest, and rapidly counts up to ten. Meanwhile all the others run;

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but they must stop the moment "ten" is reached by the one counting. If any fail to stop running instantly when the fateful number is pronounced, those unfortunate ones must come back and start over again.

This is repeated until all are out of sight. Then the one who is "it" counts one hundred, after which he starts to find them, and the game proceeds like hide-and-seek.

JOLLY MILLER.*

The children form a double circle, the arm of each player in the outer ring being linked with that of a player in the inner ring. A player stands within the inner circle, quite near to it. The two rings march round, and as the song ends, each player in the outer ring lets go his hold and tries to grasp the arm of the one in front of his former partner. This movement is the opportunity of the player within the ring, who tries to grasp the arm of someone in the inner ring while it is free. If he succeeds, the player in the outer ring who is thus left without a partner must take his place. The rhyme sung as the rings are revolving is this:

Jolly is the miller who lives on the hill,
His wheel goes round with a right good will,
One hand in the hopper and the other in the bag,
The right ones hasten and the left ones lag.

*For music, see page 193.

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MY AUNT DORCAS' RAG CARPET.

The children stand in a ring, holding hands, with one in the center, who begins the game by assigning the name of a different color to each player, and then says:

"My Aunt Dorcas is making a rag carpet. First she sewed a red stripe and a brown stripe together."

At this, the two children to whom the colors "red" and "brown" were given, leave their places and try to run around the outside of the circle and regain their former positions before the one inside can break through and catch either of them. If both succeed, the one inside goes on with her story, saying, for instance:

"Next, she sewed a green and an orange stripe together."

With a sublime disregard of artistic color effects, instantly "green" and "orange" leave their places and make the same attempt as did the first two players. So the game proceeds until the player in the center catches someone, who must then change places with her.

WATERSPORTS DAY.

Watersports Day can be celebrated on a duck pond or a Great Lake, and if possible both boys and girls should take part. Ten in the morning

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on a July or August day is a good time. There should be no trouble in gathering together an audience. Plenty of seats should be provided, for ladies do not, as a rule, enjoy sitting on the ground. There should be three grown-up judges, two men and one lady, besides an announcer of the events, a starter, and a score-keeper, and a life-saving boat holding two strong big brothers. The following list of watersports is large, in order that a selection may be made. Many of the events should be divided into two classes, one for boys and girls under twelve, and another for boys and girls over twelve.

(A) Swimming.

Breast and side stroke, 100 yards, 200 yards, 440 yards, half-mile, mile.

Swimming under water.

Fancy swimming.

Comical swimming.

Swimming through barrels.

Swimming on planks, 100 yards.

Swimming with life-preservers—for the small children.

Swimming with an empty nail keg in the arms, 100 yards.

Dogs' swimming race, 100 yards.

(B) Water polo.

(C) Water basket ball, with a rubber football.

The baskets can be mounted on the polo goal posts.

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(D) Diving.

High diving.

Somersault diving.

Diving feet first.

Diving from a spring-board.

Squat diving.

Diving for half a dollar, or a dollar, placed in
a wooden box.

(E) Floating.

(F) Tug-o'-war.

(G) Rowing.

Eight-oared shells, one mile or two miles.

Four-oared shells, etc.

Single shells, from one-half a mile to two miles.

Two-pair rowboats, half a mile.

One-pair rowboats, half a mile.

Clown race; one oar only to a boat, 100 yards.

(H) Paddling.

One single- or double-bladed paddle in a row-
boat or open canoe one-half or one mile.

Two single- or double-bladed paddles, etc.

Three single- or double-bladed paddles, etc.

Four single- or double-bladed paddles, etc.

Blindfold canoe race against time, one single-
or double-bladed paddle in a rowboat or open
canoe.

(I) Sailing.

Catboats, one-half mile to two miles.

Schooners, etc.

Canoes, etc.

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Catamarans, etc.

- (J) Poling on rafts, 100 yards, one pole to a raft. The rafts must be of the same pattern.
- (K) Casting a lead sinker from a reel.
- (L) Tub race, 100 yards.
- (M) Boxing match, in water up to armpits.
- (N) Miniature yacht race, one-half or one mile.
- (O) A sea fight. Rafts, or flat rowboats, meet in battle.

The crews of one navy might be dressed in white bathing suits, those of the other in black. It is almost needless to say that every sailor should be a good swimmer. The boats must carry neither oars, paddles, sails nor weapons of any kind. That fleet gains the victory which upsets the most vessels. By "upsetting" is meant pushing the crews out of their ships and turning the ships bottom upwards. Each fleet should have an admiral, captains and lieutenants. The fight should take place in shallow water.

The prizes might be a toy yacht or a steam-boat, a miniature bark canoe, a rare sea shell, a sponge, a pair of oars, a paddle, a jar of gold fish, ribbons marked with the name of the event, books on seaweed, fishes, etc, or story books of the merchant ships or the navy. There should be prizes, too, for the best all-around winners.

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Advertise Watersports Day some time in advance with comical posters which you yourselves design. Never mind how absurd they are. Have a little music on the shore, if it is nothing but a hand organ. Decorate your boats with flags and streamers. Provide your audience with printed or written sheets, giving the list of events. Blanks should be left after each event for the names of the winners. On the evening of Water-sports Day there might be a Lantern Carnival, in which every boat, little or big, should take part, all following the Admiral's flagship and a boat containing the "band." Songs should be sung and firecrackers and fireworks set off.

CURLING.

No, this process has nothing to do with the mirror, unless, indeed, the ice is clear enough to serve as one. It is played not with hair, but with heavy stones, skilfully slid or twirled along the ice. The game is fully four hundred years old, and its origin may be guessed from an old Scottish "poem," written by a medical practitioner about two hundred years ago, when doctors and poets had time and taste to be both at once, and athletes into the bargain:

"To Curle on the Ice doth greatly please,
Being a Manly Scottish Exerceese,
It Clears the Brain, stirs up the Native Heat,
And gives a gallant Appetite for meat."

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It is a social game played by eight men, four on each side, and at certain points includes the use of brooms to sweep the stones into place.

The game has been well and concisely described by an Englishman, Pennant, in his account of a tour of Scotland made by him in 1772. He writes:

"Of the sports of these parts that of Curling is the favorite, and one unknown in England. It is an amusement of the winter, and played on the ice, by sliding from one mark to another great stones of forty to seventy-pound weight, of hemispherical form, with an iron or wooden handle at top. The object of the player is to lay his stone as near to the mark as possible, to guard that of his partner, which had been well laid before, or to strike off that of his antagonist."

During the past quarter of a century the game has attained great popularity in Canada and portions of the United States. A new curling rink at Lincoln Park, Chicago, is the pride of the Northwestern Curling Association. There is another on Seventy-first street, which is the property of the Wanderers' Cricket and Athletic Club. At both places the games played have excited much interest.

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RUSSIAN SPORTS.

Night is the favorite time not only for indoor but for outdoor social activities in St. Petersburg. Even the sleighing parties are given by night. With three horses abreast, the light sleighs dash over the snow and icefields with a furious speed and silence that peculiarly suit the Russians' fancy. During the winter months the River Neva becomes the great highway, and is crowded with all the best and the worst company in the capital. The "frost of St. Nicholas" begins the real winter. Then, when you cannot face the outer air without a gasp, areas are set apart on the river for skating, race-courses for sledges, and ice hills are formed by a slope of planks bordered by a raised edge and supported by beams and posts, over which water is poured. An extremely popular method of entertaining one's friends is to invite them to an "ice-hill party." Hills and runs are illuminated by Bengal lights, Chinese and other lanterns hung from the trees of the avenues and upon improvised lamp posts all along the run. The scene is fairy-like in its glittering whiteness. After coasting down the hills for a few hours the guests drive away to supper, sometimes to the host's own house, sometimes to "Samarcand," a well-known suburban restaurant close to the hills, where may be heard the wonderful Russian gypsy singers.

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During the summer St. Petersburg is almost deserted, for it is a universal custom to go out of town. In the first five days after the ice breaks up there is a general migration. The cottages at Kretovsky are delightful summer residences. A great gallery occupies the whole lower floor in front; and here, with their books and pianos, people pass their time among the flowers and shrubs during the long June and July days.

The public gardens of the provincial cities are well patronized at this season. Sack races, the climbing of greased poles, fireworks and tissue paper balloons furnish the amusements. Isabel Hapgood, in "*Russian Rambles*," gives a vivid description of a Russian summer resort, with the soldiers and their dancing, the young people, the children's playground with its ship's mast for the youngsters to climb, surrounded by a protecting network, and mentions that several members of the royal family were seen swinging on the Giant Steps—"a tall, thick mast firmly planted in the earth, bound with iron at the top, and upholding a thick iron ring to which are attached heavy cables which touch the ground. The game consists of a number of persons seizing hold of these cables, running around the mast until sufficient impetus is gained, and then swinging through the air in a circle."

Many a quaint scene appears in the merry-makings of the peasants. On the Thursday be-

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

fore Whitsunday they flock to the forests, cut down a young birch tree, and dress it in gown, garland and bright ribbons, naming it the Goddess of Spring. After feasting beneath the trees in honor of the goddess, they carry her home with them in the evening, singing and dancing before her on the way, and install her as an honored guest in one of their houses. Ceremonious visits are paid to her by the villagers on Friday and Saturday, and on Sunday they take her to the nearest stream or pond and throw her in.

All over Russia is held on Thursday of the seventh week after Easter the feast called "Semik." Here, also, they have a Spring Goddess; in most places as above described, in others, the handsomest maiden in the village is chosen to represent Spring, decked with boughs and blossoms, and carried about by the other girls. In the evening the girls and young men join in a circling dance known as the *khorovod*. The maidens wear floral wreaths, and the youths, flowers in their hat-bands. After the dancing, the girls toss their wreaths into the water, watching them anxiously to see whether they sink or swim, float ashore or turn round in a circle. If a wreath doesn't run ashore, its owner will have long life and a happy marriage. If it circles round, she will become the victim of unrequited love; while if it sinks, she will either become an old maid or meet with an early death.

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The circling choral dance known as the khorovod is of great antiquity in Russia. Near every village is an open spot where the young people, arrayed in their brightest costumes, form themselves in a circle and begin moving around, this way and that, singing songs appropriate to the season and the occasion. Besides the spring khorovods already mentioned there are those for midsummer and for autumn after harvest. Sometimes, in a large village, two khorovods are formed, one at each end of the broad, long street. At a signal, the two khorovods begin moving towards each other, singing and circling, until they meet in the center of the village.

In the middle of Lent occurs the curious custom called the Christening of the Cuckoos, which, coupled with the frequent representation of the soul as a bird, probably has reference to children who die unbaptized, and are therefore supposed to be perpetually flying wailing through the air. Little figures of a bird, made of grass or flowers, are hung with crosses and suspended to a bough, and girls meet and kiss beneath them, becoming by this ceremony "gossips" for life, as if at the christening of a child they had become united by the tie of co-godmothership.

Other curious customs abound. On midsummer eve the young girls, decked with wreaths of flowers and grasses, assemble beside a piece of

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water, kindle a fire, and pace around it singing certain songs, and then jump wildly backward and forward through the flames. In the winter, as soon as it begins to freeze, the young people and children walk before the windows begging cakes and nuts. On Christmas eve the old men of the village sing hymns before the windows of the houses.

HORNAWAY.

This is probably a distant cousin of the game "Tom, Tom, pull away," described elsewhere in the book. Two parallel lines, three or four rods apart, are drawn across a section of the play-ground. Midway between these stands the player who is "it," and all the rest stand on one of the lines, facing him. When he calls "Horn-away," then all the others rush to reach the opposite line without being touched by him. He tries to touch as many as he can during this rush, and all so touched, or tagged, become his captives and assist him during the next rush. The players continue to cross from one line to the other, alternately, as long as there are any who are not tagged. Whether the first one or the last one tagged becomes "it" for the next game is not certain, nor does it matter; but if the latter plan be adopted the game might be a trifle more ex-

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citing, as it would give full scope to the agility of the best player if he is not already satisfied with his achievements.

OLYMPIAN GAMES.

At Athens, in 1896, sixteen centuries after ancient Greece had held her last Olympics, these classic contests were revived by the King of the Hellenes. A large marble stadium was built as an arena for the ten-days series of sports, which were witnessed by as many as seventy thousand people on a single day, including the entire diplomatic corps and distinguished persons, royal and otherwise, from all parts of the world.

The festival was again celebrated in Paris in 1900, and is to be repeated every four years according to the ancient custom, only in different cities of the world. The honored city in 1904 is to be Chicago, whose centennial will be celebrated at the same time. As nearly as possible the sports of the old Olympian contests, those of the ancient Greeks, will be revived, the aim being in most cases to reproduce them exactly, even to the ancient rules. There are to be short-distance runs—50, 100, 200 and 440 yards dashes—long runs of from 880 yards to 10 miles; hurdle and obstacle races, relay races, and discus

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hurling. Jumping and vaulting contests, including the broad jump, standing jump, high jump, running jump and pole vault, will also be features. Some idea of the scope of the games can be gathered from the following extracts from a letter written by Henry J. Furber, Jr., the President of the International Olympian Games Association :

"First, there will be world's championship contests in the standard sports, including field and track athletics, equestrianism, fencing, cycling, yachting, rowing, swimming, life-saving exercises, billiards, bowling, polo, turning and all such games as are common to different nations.

"Secondly, exhibitions will be given of the sports peculiar to the different nations of the world. Under this head will be included baseball, cricket, Japanese wrestling, French boxing with the feet, German Schlaeger contests, Spanish pilota, etc.

"The sports of our great West, including contests with the lasso, the wild horse race and the breaking of fractious horses will, of course, be rendered prominent.

"Thirdly, an effort will be made to include within the evening programme representations of the games of ancient Greece and Rome, with appropriate pageantry and settings. These will be intermingled with other exhibitions of a spec-

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tacular nature, including military displays."

The diversified nationalities of the competing athletes will add to the interest of the sports. Greece will send descendants of the Hellenes, who made the great games famous. Sweden, which tried hard to secure the Olympic events, will produce a host of hardy Norse competitors. Active Frenchmen, bulky German Turners, and the pick of England's collegians, the best of Cambridge and Oxford, are certain to be engaged in the struggle. Red-haired Scots will show the world the right way to throw the hammer. There will be great displays of strength by Irishmen, and the finest athletes America can produce will have their troubles in winning their share of laurels.

Spear-throwing will be reproduced by Greece, Egypt and many other countries of Asia. The bright, Oriental dress in red, blue, green and gold of the contestants and the splendid polished steel flashing through space at a mark, will make this a most gorgeous contest.

In the ancient festival, horse-racing, with chariots and singly with riders, was most exciting. There will be torchlight processions, as in the olden days, reproductions of plays, Greek and Roman, historical posing in ancient costume, and illustrating world-famous events and customs. The cestus tourney, the grandfather of the modern prize-fight, will be eliminated, but almost

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every conceivable reproduction of the antique sports is to be expected.

The stadium, to cover about eleven acres, will seat seventy-five thousand persons, and will be open for thirty days. Its arena alone will be eight hundred feet long and one hundred and thirty feet wide. This arena, although open to the air, will be guarded against rain by an umbrella-like series of gigantic curtains arranged on rollers and operated by electric motors. The rest of the building will be roofed in the ordinary way. There will not be a pillar or post in the whole interior to shut off the view. Outside the columns will be of the colossal Corinthian order, and the approach to the building will be through a park, studded with flower gardens and fountains.

The festival is of Ionic origin, nobody knows how long ago, for its beginning is merged in legendary lore. The prizes given in the contests were at first of money, but later the olive wreath became the token of success.

One of the most popular sports of the Egyptians was that of chariot racing; and the Greeks, whose vehicles had up to the fifteenth or sixteenth Olympiad been of the simplest, began to adopt those of Egyptian character. These were decorated and improved upon until by the twenty-fifth Olympiad they were made so strong and

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so light as to be of use in the stadium. This introduction of chariot racing was what decided the permanence of the games. The olive wreath was kept as an unchanged feature, and this did much to prevent the motives of the contestants from degenerating.

It is a curious fact that at discus throwing, one of the most ancient and foreign sports imaginable, the Americans have already distinguished themselves. To the astonishment of everyone present, at Athens in 1896, Robert Garrett of Princeton, captain of the Princeton team, who together with the Bostonians was in Athens to represent America, won the throwing of the discus after exactly three hours' practice—a feat without a parallel.

The figure of the discus thrower, copied from the ancient Greek statue of Discobolas, has been chosen as the central design in the official seal of the International Olympian Games Association, and will be used on medals awarded. It is expected that not alone the champion athletes of the world, but, to vary the attractions, thousands of school children, will take part in the games. They are to be drilled in athletic exercises under expert physical instructors. The Young Men's Christian Association and the University of Chicago are also actively interested in the preparations.

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"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," and when this historic festival, the pride of the ancients, is revived on so colossal a scale in energetic, hospitable, modern Chicago, the result can hardly fail to conquer many a prejudice and convince even the most skeptical that sport, well directed, has an important part in building the strength of the nations.

THE BANGPOPS.

A Fourth of July Fantasy for the Children.

This fantasy is suitable for outdoor performance. The scenery is simple, little being required for the first act. The stage might be painted green, with a strip left unpainted for the lane; or a green cloth might be fastened across, covering it for the second act, in which natural foliage should be profusely used, to represent woodland. Leaves should be strewn thickly around, with plants, cut flowers, shrubs and branches placed in the background and wherever they are not in the way. Music is needed only at the beginning of the second act and during the dance of the Colored Fires. Care should be taken to introduce the real colored fires and the crash of drums, etc., at precisely the right moments.

Characters:

King Gunpowder—Ruler of the Bangpops.

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Queen Flame—The Lovely Wife of King Gunpowder.

Reynold Merrie, Elsie Merrie, Polly Merrie, Doris Merrie—Poor, but gently-bred children, aged 11, 10, 8 and 7 years.

Bangpops:

Two Firecrackers.

Three Colored Fires.

Roman Candle.

Sky Rocket.

Pin Wheel.

Parlor Match.

Slow Match.

Description of Characters and Costumes.

King Gunpowder—A boy wearing a glossy black crown and robe, and carrying a black wand.

Queen Flame—A little girl with long yellow hair; flame-colored hair ribbon, flame-colored dress, stockings and shoes, scattered over with tinsel; glistening wand.

The Firecrackers—Two boys dressed in scarlet shoes and scarlet Chinese clothing, with scarlet skull-caps to which are attached long tow-colored queues.

The Colored Fires—Three little girls in tissue paper dresses of red, green and blue.

Roman Candle—A boy wearing a large false nose and dressed in the short white garment of a young Roman. He should carry a very large candle.

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Sky Rocket—A boy in deep blue clothing covered with gilt paper stars; cone-shaped red cap. A red stick should be bound to his back by two red ribbons, or he may carry the stick in his hand.

Pin Wheel—A boy in tight-fitting purple clothes, with a black wheel hanging from his neck in front, and another fastened to a purple skull-cap.

Parlor Match—A little boy in white or lemon yellow; red skull cap, and wand painted to represent a match.

Slowmatch—A stout, sleepy-appearing boy in a red cap and light brown clothing; he should carry a thick wand painted to represent a slow-match (punk).

Other characters in ordinary dress.

ACT I.

Time: The day before the Fourth of July.

Scene: A lane in Buttercup Town. Fastened to a guidepost is this proclamation:

A QUIET FOURTH!

ANY CHILD CAUGHT IN THE
ACT OF SHOOTING OFF FIRE-
ARMS, FIRECRACKERS, OR FIRE-

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

WORKS IN BUTTERCUP TOWN,
OR WITHIN TWO MILES OF IT IN
ANY DIRECTION, ON, BEFORE OR
AFTER THURSDAY, JULY
FOURTH, WILL BE SPANKED
AND PUT TO BED BY THE OFFI-
CIAL SPANKING COMMITTEE,
AND, MOREOVER, WILL BE
OBLIGED TO GO WITHOUT HIS
DESSERT FOR A MONTH. A
GROWN PERSON WHO IS NAUGH-
TY IN THE SAME WAY WILL BE
PUNISHED STILL WORSE.

CADWALADER BULWINKLE,
MAYOR.

Enter, left, Reynold, Elsie, Polly and Doris.

Reynold (stopping short in front of the sign
and slowly reading it out loud)—O, what shall
we do? (Silence for a minute.)

Polly—It's all Billy Buster's fault!

Reynold—So it is!

Doris—What did he do?

Reynold—Why, don't you know? He was the
boy who tied a bunch of firecrackers to the tail
of Mr. Green's cat—Mr. Green is the paint-shop
man—and what did the animal do but run,
screeching, poor thing, around the shop, and
every time a cracker went off a different kind of
paint or oil was set on fire, Jim Marsden says,

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

and my!—but you were away at Uncle's when the fire happened. My new chicken coop was burned up, too; but not my chickens, thank goodness. Think of our not being allowed to shoot off even a torpedo! O, it's too mean for any use!

Elsie—We can shoot off torpedoes, so there! They aren't firearms, firecrackers, or fireworks.

Reynold—Yes, but torpedoes aren't any fun. Won't Bertie be mad! He's bought a whole dozen six-ball Roman candles; saved up four months to do it, too.

Elsie—Then you can't shoot off the dandy big giant cracker that the Chinaman gave to you!

Reynold—Don't believe I could shoot it off any way. Sing Song pulled the fuse out; said the cracker might "go slam-bangee when you lookee at 'im close." Just as if I didn't know how to set off a big cracker!

Polly—if papa weren't so poor he'd take us off somewhere in the train tomorrow.

Elsie—Dear papa! He's busy writing his book. Don't let's say a word to him about our troubles. If mama weren't away at Aunt Alice's she would help us to plan.

Reynold—Tomorrow's the Fourth, and (choking a little) we—we can only p'rade with flags, and drink lemonade. I'm going to throw stones at that sign, I am! (Picks up some stones.)

Polly—Reynold Merrie, don't you do it! That would be very naughty.

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

Elsie—And s'posin' the Spanking Committee should spy on you?

(Reynold looks around uneasily and drops his stones).

Polly—Reynold, you aren't any sorrier than we are.

Reynold—What shall we do with our three packages of crackers?

Doris—And our slowmatches, too?

Elsie—I know! Let's take our lunch into the woods, and explore about three miles, and blow horns, and shoot off things!

Reynold (still sulky)—O, that isn't any sport. The boys won't come along if girls—I'm going fishing, and I'll throw every one of our crackers into the pond, and—

Polly—Now, Reynold, you just stop. You know you will enjoy a picnic with your darling little sisters. If you'll go I'll tell you a lovely s'prise right now.

Reynold (thinking a minute)—All right.

Polly—Well, that big cracker is just a trick! It's full of candy. It isn't meant to shoot off. You press on one end and the lining of the cracker comes out like a telescope.

Reynold, Elsie and Doris—How did you find out?

Polly—From papa.

Reynold (catching hold of Elsie and Doris by

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

the hand, and stepping off at right)—I say we open it now!

Polly (following closely after)—O, wait until tomorrow! Wait—Wait!

Voice of Reynold, Elsie and Doris—No!—No!
No!

Curtain.

ACT II.

Time: Night of the Fourth of July.

Scene: An Open Space in the Deep Woods.
The curtain rises in the midst of a dance of the Bangpops. On a cask marked "Danger," at rear, King Gunpowder is seated; Queen Flame is seated next to him on a rustic throne. The queen, rising, extends her wand. The dancing stops. The Bangpops gather about the King and Queen.

Bangpops (shouting) — A Fourth-of-July speech from our King!

(The King rises and bows. The Firecrackers place his cask in the center of stage).

King (mounting cask)—My dear noisy subjects! (Banging of drum behind scenes.)

Bangpops (giving their yell)—Rah—rah—rah!
Fizz-bang-pop! Boomalockey, boomalockey!
Hisssssss! (Imitation of the sound of a sky rocket in air. Bangpops point upward). Ah-h-h!
BOOM! (Crash on bass drum).

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

King—It gives me great pleasure this evening—

Sky Rocket (pointing to right)—See who approach! (All the Bangpops point eagerly in the same direction. Excitement. Whispering and exclamations. Enter, right, very slowly, and huddled together as if frightened, the Merrie children, with torn clothes. They pause, dazed, at the side of the King.)

Bangpops—Well!

King (jumping from cask and bending to kiss Doris)—Who would suppose—what a dear child. There—don't cry. Who are you all, anyway?

Reynold (Backing away a little)—We are just some lost children. Are you Old King Cole? (King and Bangpops laugh).

King—No, indeed. My name is Gunpowder the Fourth—the Fourth of July, that is.

Polly—O!

King—You aren't scared, are you?

Queen (coming forward)—No, no, little ones, you must not be scared. These are merely Bangpop people—firecrackers and all that sort of thing.

Reynold—But they are alive!

Bangpop—Of course we are!

Polly—Guess we must be dreaming. You're the queerest fairies I ever heard of. Do you stay here all the time?

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

King—No, my child. At midnight the Bangpops go off until the next Fourth.

Bangpops (giving their yell to surprise of the children) — Rah—rah—rah! Fizz—bang—pop! Boomalockey, boomalockey! Hisssssss! Ah-h-h! BOOM! (Crash on bass drum).

Elsie—Where are they going to, King Gunpowder?

King (laughing)—Off, my dear. Didn't you ever hear of a firecracker going off?

Elsie—Yes, but I can't understand yet where you will go to.

King—Well, that is something nobody knows.

Elsie—Won't the Bangpops be hurt after they have—gone off?

King—Far from it. The Queen and I stay just as we are, but as for our subjects, they—they—well, the air is filled with the delicious odor of powder-smoke and burning paper. After the racket the Queen and I put together the broken Bangpops and lay them carefully away until next year, when they come to life again as good as new.

Queen—You see, children, these are the first Bangpops there ever were. Years and years ago, skillful Chinese heard of them, and made fire toys like them—the kind you shoot off every Fourth—

Reynold—Ah, but we don't shoot them off every Fourth, dear Queen. The Mayor of But-

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

tercup Town, where we live, has forbidden us to make a noise this Fourth.

Bangpops (disgusted)—O-o-o!

Queen—O, we know all about that, and how disappointed you poor children are. Never mind. We will try to comfort you. It is very near midnight. At that time you had best stand behind a tree and watch the prettiest exhibition of fireworks you can possibly imagine. I touch off the Bangpops with my wand of fire, and then—yes, then—

Polly (clapping her hands)—How lovely!

King—Meantime, we must dance and see the Fourth almost out. (A stuffed toy elephant drops from above at the King's feet. He picks up the toy.) What can this be?

Bangpops (reciting in a loud manner)—

“My mother gave me fifty cents
To see the elephant jump the fence.
He jumped so high
He touched the sky,
And never came down till the Fourth of July.”

King—Thank you, dear subjects, for explaining this strange occurrence. (Hands elephant to Doris, who hugs it.) Children, I want you to know who the Bangpops are. They will say something for themselves, I think. Bangpops, advance! (Bangpops walk forward in line with a curious shuffling dance step. King and Queen

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

at left, children at right, Bangpops a little back from center.)

Firecrackers (stepping out with their queues in their hands).

First F.—Ready!

Second F.—Steady!

First F.—That's it! (Parlor Match and Slow-match step out and stretch their wands near the Firecrackers, who hold their queues, or fuses, to the match-ends.)

Parlor Match—Mine's lit!

Slowmatch—Mine's out!

First F.—Look out!

All four (jumping in line)—Boom! (Sound from bass drum at this same instant. Music. Dance of Colored Fires. Real colored fires are flashed from the sides of stage at this time.)

Roman Candle (advancing to center)—

O, I'm a haughty Roman, with a haughty Roman nose,

And what a Roman Candle knows, he knows he knows he knows.

I'm a brilliant, sparkling firework from my fuse unto my toes.

You may talk of Roman punches, and of Rome the city old,

But, believe me, Roman Candles are more bright than Roman gold.

King—Strange that not a single schoolbook of this gentleman has told!

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(Roman candle returns to line, shaking his head as if offended. Sky Rocket and Pin Wheel advance, keeping step to center of stage.)

Sky Rocket and Pin Wheel—Ladies and gentlemen—I mean children alone! (They turn angrily upon each other.)

Sky Rocket—What do you mean, sir? I have the floor!

Pin Wheel—Never! I'm twice as important a firework as you are!

King—There, there! Hush! (Pin Wheel turns his back to audience.)

Sky Rocket—

Can you wonder when I scatter
Stars and fire-streaks, spitter-spatter,
Little children cry: "Dear rocket,
Please, O please drop in my pocket,
Just one star to make a locket!
If you don't we'll surely cry!"
But I—my cap and stick—
Never play this harmful trick;
No, not I!
No, not I!
Did you ever see a comet hiss from earth unto
the sky?
That comet's I!
That comet's I!
Did you ever see the lightning creep, and crawl,
and curve on high?
That lightning's I!
That lightning's I!
When the good ship, all but lost,

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

By the winds and waves is tossed,
Then who tells the crew on land
They must lend a helping hand?
Who but I?
Who but I?

(First stroke of midnight. Rolling of drum between strokes.)

King and Queen (running to center, and holding up wands)—Bangpops, make ready to go off!

Bangpops (wild with excitement, capering and shaking hands)—At last we're going off! Rah-rah-rah! Fizz-bang-pop! Boomalockey, boom-alockey! Hiss-s-s-s-s! Ah-h-h! BOOM! (Crash of drum.)

Queen—One to make ready! (Bangpops walk abreast one step forward.) Two to say good-bye!

Bangpops—Good-bye! (Kissing their hands and walking another step forward. Children at right are hopping up and down.)

Queen (rushing to Sky Rocket, who presents his back ready for firing off by the Queen's wand)—And three to—go off!

Curtain.

(Yelling of Bangpops; sounds of drums and horns and firecrackers exploding in barrels and tin boilers behind the scenes.)

EIGHTY GOOD TIMES OUT OF DOORS.

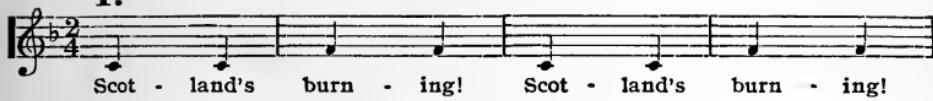


THE BANGPOPS.

Scotland's Burning.*

(ROUND.)

1.



2.

Musical notation for the second round of "Scotland's Burning". The music is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and G major (indicated by a 'G'). The lyrics are "Look out! Look out!" followed by "Scot - land's burn - ing!" repeated twice. The melody consists of eighth notes and quarter notes.

3.

Musical notation for the third round of "Scotland's Burning". The music is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and G major (indicated by a 'G'). The lyrics are "Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!" followed by "Look out! Look out!" followed by "Scot - land's burn - ing!" repeated twice. The melody consists of eighth notes and quarter notes.

4.

Musical notation for the fourth round of "Scotland's Burning". The music is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and G major (indicated by a 'G'). The lyrics are "Pour on wa - ter! Pour on wa - ter!" followed by "etc.", "Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!" followed by "etc.", "Look out! Look out!" followed by "etc.", and finally "Scot - land's burn - ing!" followed by "etc.". The melody consists of eighth notes and quarter notes.

*For directions, see page 24.

Little Wavelets.*

Music by WARREN F. KENNELL.



1. Once I got in - to a boat, Such a pret - ty, pret - ty boat, — Just as the
2. In their cave so cool and deep All the fish - es were a - sleep, Save when the
3. Said the sturgeon to the eel, "Just im - ag - ine how I feel, Pray do ex-



day was dawn - ing; And I took a lit - tle oar, And I
oar gave warn - ing Said the min - now to the skate, "Do not
cuse my yawn - ing But these folks should let us know When a-

(Echo.)



rowed a - way from shore, So ver - y, ver - y ear - ly in the morn - ing.
lie a - bed so late," So ver - y, ver - y ear - ly in the morn - ing.
row - ing they would go So ver - y, ver - y ear - ly in the morn - ing."



*For description with motions, see page 96.

Little Wavelets—Concluded.

CHORUS.

And ev - 'ry lit - tle wave-let had its night - cap on, Its night-cap,

8va.

Ped.

*

white-cap, night - cap on; And ev - 'ry lit - tle wave-let had its

8va.

Ped.

*

night - cap on, So ver - y, ver - y ear - ly in the morn - ing.

8va.

Jolly is the Miller.*

English.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key of G major (indicated by a C-clef and a sharp sign), and a treble clef for the soprano part. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff begins with a single note followed by a series of eighth notes. The second staff starts with a half note followed by quarter notes. The third staff begins with a single note followed by a series of eighth notes. The fourth staff starts with a half note followed by quarter notes. The lyrics are as follows:

Jol - ly is the mil - ler who lives on the hill, His
wheel goes round with a right good will; One
hand in the hop - per and the oth - er in the bag, The
right ones has - ten and the left ones lag.

*For directions, see page 160.

See-Saw.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The vocal part (top staff) has lyrics: "See - saw, see - saw, Up and down we go, —" followed by "Swing-ing high and low. — See -". The piano accompaniment (bottom three staves) provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The vocal part continues with "saw, see - saw, Gai - ly now we play, — See -" followed by "saw, see - saw, Hap - py all the day. —". The piano part includes dynamic markings like *poco rit*.

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The Target Game.

1. I'm a tar - get round with my cir - cles fair, Paint-ed
2. Mark the dis - tance well, take a care - ful aim, Firm - ly

gold and red and blue, Bring your bow so strong, Bring your
hold the curv-ing bow, Pull with all your might On the

ar - row straight, Can you shoot the bull's eye through?
good stout cord, Let the ar - row swift - ly go.

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Dance of the Rainbow Fairies.

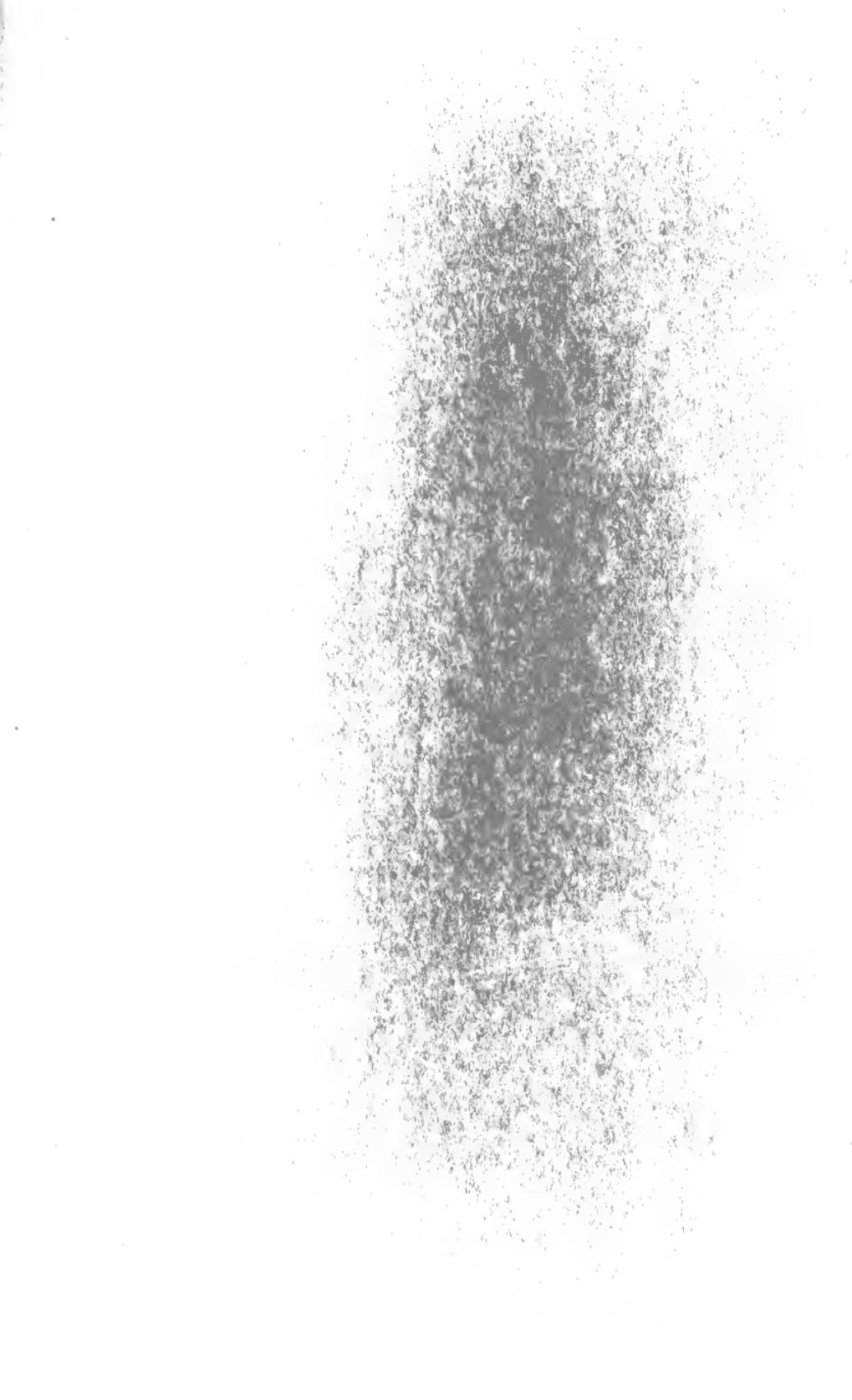
1. We are fair - ies from fair - y land, hap - py and gay, And our
2. So we dance on the dew-drops and on the lake's breast, On the

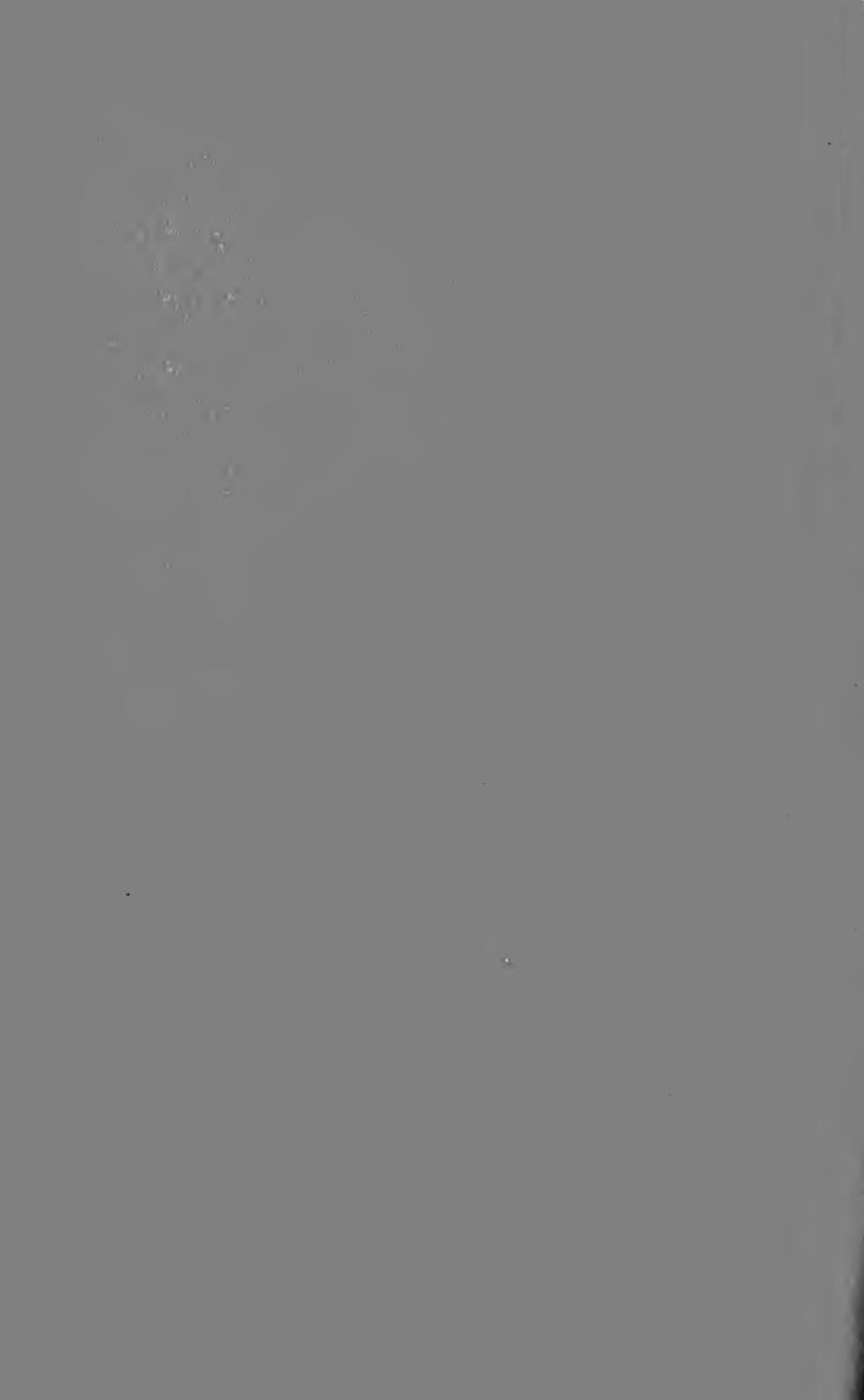
dress - es are made from the moon's sil - ver ray, Our wings are of gauze late-ly
rain - bow that curves o'er the wa - ter-fall's crest, But forth rides the sun in his

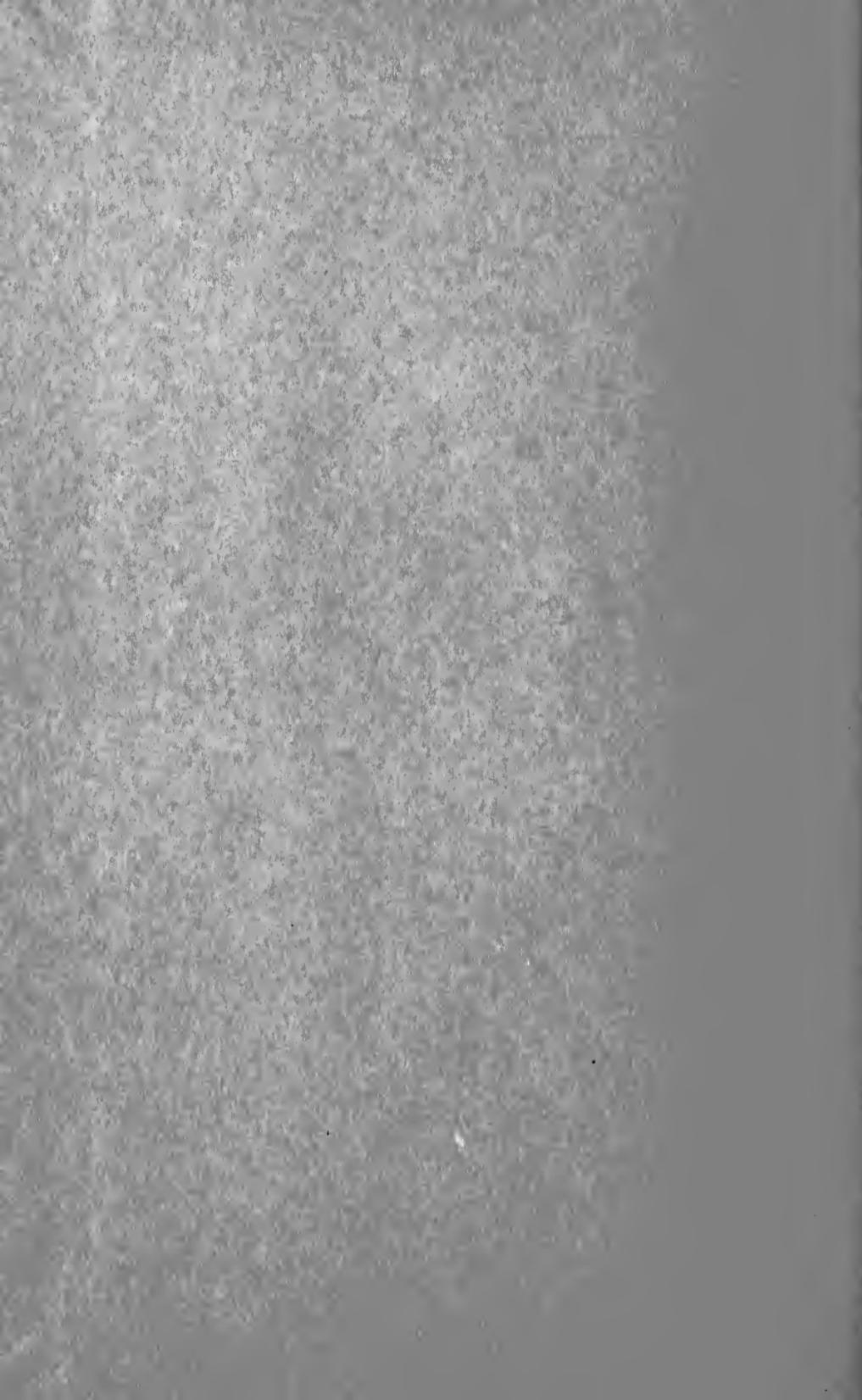
washed by the dew, And flash from their folds ev' - ry bright rain - bow hue,
chari - ot on high And home all the bright rain - how fair - ies must fly.

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